

The TATLER

Vol. CXXVI. No. 1642.

London
Dec. 14, 1932

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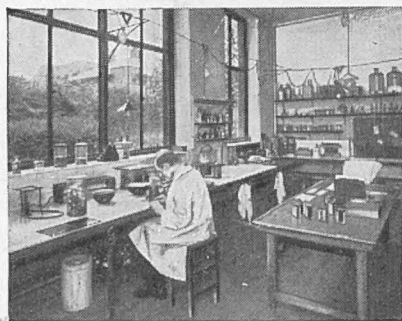
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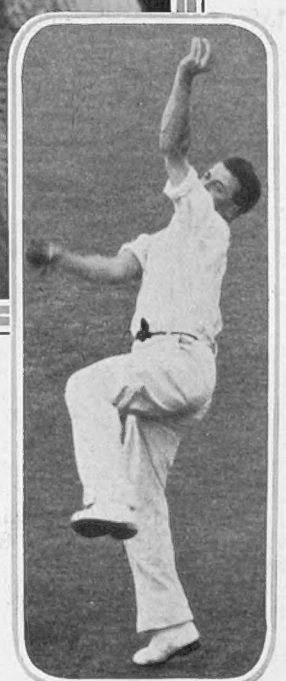
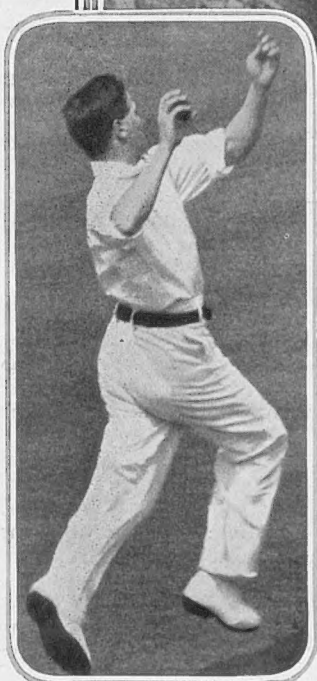
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FROM 1/11½

The TATTLER

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POSTAGE: Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 14d.; Foreign, 4d.

Price One Shilling



TYING THEM UP IN NOTTS!

HE WOULD BEAT THEM! WHO WOULD? LARWOOD!

Harold Larwood, captor of ten Australian wickets with Voce, the other Nottinghamshire bowler, virtually won the first Test at Sydney for us. Jack Hobbs, in his comments (in "The Star"), said: "We have to hand this match on a plate to Larwood," and he added that with all due respect to our batsmen and to the other bowlers, it was Larwood who carried the game. The "bumping," about which we have heard so much, was not the prominent feature; it was sheer pace off the pitch which beat the batsmen and made them fail to time him



A FOURSOME AT CLUMBER, THE EARL OF LINCOLN'S SEAT

Howard Barrett

Clumber is at Worksop, Nottinghamshire, and Lord Lincoln is the Duke of Newcastle's son by his second marriage. The late Duchess of Newcastle died in 1912. She was a daughter of the late Mr. George Thompson, who was well known in the Australian banking world. In the above picture, left to right, are: Wing-Commander and Mrs. E. R. Cortallis and Lord and Lady Lincoln



Hay Wrightson

LADY FIONA FULLER

The latest portrait of the popular wife of Sir Gerard Fleetwood Fuller. She was Lady Fiona Pratt and is the younger daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Camden and a sister of Lord Brecknock. Lady Fiona Fuller is well known in the Beaufort country, and her husband's seat is Cottles, Melksham, Wilts

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.
MY DEAR, — This early-buying blackmail is hard to endure. Ten more days still before us, though we can hardly remember now when it all began. With so much and such long preparation how can Christmas itself be anything more than anti-climax and escape?

One special horror, in the way of a Christmas card, is being prepared by someone that I know for her so-called friends. It is a very exhaustive questionnaire, carefully made out by herself, and filled in by two separate hand-writing experts. Each friend will thus get two, provided they don't differ too widely, in which case, I suppose, she will pick the worse! It doesn't appeal to me as being particularly appropriate for the season of peace and goodwill, but no doubt she will get a kick out of it, and she may possibly deserve to!

However, many things will be happening between now and Christmas. The settlement of the American Debt for one thing. Quite possibly that will have been amicably arranged by the time you get this letter, and those of us who have suspected that a good deal of the talk was for the special benefit of certain listeners may turn out to have been right.



WITH THE COTTESMORE: THE HON. MRS. VICTOR GILPIN AND LORD SEFTON

A snapshot when these hounds were at Oxey Farm, which is near Uppingham, last week. Lord Sefton acts as field master to the Cottessmore, of which Mr. Hilton Green is the Master and huntsman. The Hon. Mrs. Victor Gilpin is a daughter of Lord Ernle

And now for what has been happening up to the moment that I write to you. The weddings and engagements continue unabated. And Mr. David Rhys and Lady Anne Wellesley have decided to announce, themselves, what most of their friends knew, and had to pretend they didn't, because an over-zealous press-man forestalled them. Lady Anne, who was one of the débutante beauties of a season or two ago, is small and enchanting. Mr. Rhys works at one of the big London hotels.

There has been a shooting party or two, including one at Flixton, Sir Shafto Adair's place in Norfolk, given by his son and daughter-in-law, Captain and Mrs. Alan Adair. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Edmonstone, Lord Dunwich, Lord Stradbroke's eldest son, who lives close by, and Lady Dunwich, and several of Captain Adair's brother officers.

Flixton is one of Norfolk's many beautiful houses built in the time of Queen Elizabeth. There was a bad fire there about eighty years ago which completely destroyed the

inside, but luckily the whole of the exterior was unharmed. And the gardens are lovely. Mrs. Adair is the youngest of the Ward family of brothers and sisters, which includes Mr. Dudley Ward, who is now in Canada, Major Charlie Ward, who writes plays, Lady Erskine, the wife of our Ambassador in Warsaw, and Lady Godfrey Faussett, the wife of the King's Equerry, who has two great blessings—Ranger's Lodge, in the middle of Hyde Park, to live in, and the best sense of humour in London.

Lord Lonsdale is having a shoot this week at Lowther, but he no longer rears pheasants on the scale of the good old days, when every member of the house party could make out a list of friends for game to be sent to, and each of their maids and valets departed with a brace or two. But he still has the tremendous show of gold plate in the dining-room, and each night after dinner he toasts "The King," "Fox-hunting," and "The Ladies."

In London we have been mostly taken up with music. Have you noticed how very fashionable, at the moment, it is to be musical? Of course you have. Are we one back or one forward on the time to which Aldous Huxley referred when he wrote "not so long ago the stupid and uneducated aspired to be thought intelligent and cultured . . . it is not at all uncommon now to find intelligent and



Holloway
THE 4TH BATT. NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGIMENTAL DINNER

In the picture are Colonel R. M. Raynsford, D.S.O., Colonel R. Howlett, D.S.O., and Lord Spencer, the Honorary Colonel

cultured people doing their best to feign stupidity, and to conceal the fact that they have received an education." I confess to a great sympathy with the latter. We've had an overdose of pretentiousness and precocity.



O'Brien
WITH THE LIMERICK LAST WEEK

Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth Hope-Johnstone and Mrs. Locke, who is Mrs. Hope-Johnstone's mother. Mr. Wentworth Hope-Johnstone is an ex-Master of the Tipperary

favourite pianist, the other day, to play "La Fille aux Chevaux de Lin."

One of the best musical parties that I have been to lately was given last week by Prince George Chavchavadze with the help of his mother, Princess Troubetzkoy and his sister, Princess Marina, who has just finished writing the book she has been at work on for two years. He is one of the best hosts I have ever met, and how he managed to have a special word for everybody, to greet and speed off every guest, and get through what he did, I shall never understand.

All the music was spontaneous. He played. Then Manuel Yurovski, a boy of fourteen, amazed us. And after him the Peppin twins, two very young daughters of a clergyman, showed us, on two pianos, what an extraordinary union and sympathy there is between twins. Later on Prince George played the Schumann Concerto with Mr. Howard Whitcomb as orchestra on another grand. There were three going simultaneously at one moment! I find something very intriguing about his arrogant manner at the piano because I know that he will come and ask so humbly afterwards if he was all right. And so sincerely that one must always tell him the truth even when, on rare occasions, there is a little criticism to make.

Half London seemed to be squeezed into the very spacious studio. Prince Paul of Greece, Lady Maud Carnegie, and Lord Carnegie, and the Duchess of Atholl, who is a great

(Continued overleaf)

c 2



Sasha
AT THE "BUSINESS WITH AMERICA" FIRST NIGHT

A flashlight in the foyer of Mr. Nick Prinsep, Miss Anita Elson (Mrs. Nick Prinsep), and Mr. Tony Prinsep, her brother-in-law, the famous theatrical manager. "Business with America" at the Haymarket brought Miss Madge Titheradge back to us after far too long an absence of four years

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

devotee of music, and composes under her maiden name, Katharine Ramsay. There was Prince Nicolas Tchkotoua, another Georgian, like our host, whose name not even his own countrymen can pronounce. And of the rest, Captain and Mrs. Wilfred Gough, Miss Sonja Henie, the skating champion, Mrs. McBain, who is as enchanting to meet under that name as she is to watch when she is Phyllis Bedells, and Mrs. Malcolm Sargent, with whom I shared a fender edge which was both warm and hard.

Mr. Arnold Bax and Dr. Malcolm Sargent had a real ovation the night before, after the first performance of the latter's Fourth Symphony. This is a lovely work, with a particularly moving slow movement, which gave the strings of the London Philharmonic Orchestra great opportunity to distinguish themselves, and the finale is one of the most dramatic things we have heard for some time. Another item on the programme which earned well-merited applause was the Haydn Concertante played by Madame Suggia, Leon Goossens, Samuel Kutcher, and Mr. Alexander. Suggia was wonderful and dominating as she always is.

Prince George brought a party to the concert, Lady Cunard came with Mr. Volkoff, Lady Honor Guinness and Mrs. Peter Thursby with Mr. Sidney Beer and Mr. Cedric Alexander, and others in the audience included Mr. Constant Lambert and his wife, Mr. Henry Kendall the actor, Mr. Francis Toye, and Miss Mary Newcombe.

Mrs. Cochran Baillie gave a small musical party at her house a few nights ago, when Friedrich Wührer, Paul Beard, Aubrey Brain, Anthony Pini, and Reginald Kell played a perfect programme of Chamber music. It is not often that Sir Thomas Beecham is seen at a private musical party, but the fare was quite worthy of him. Lady Cunard, Mr. and Mrs. Lutyens, Mr. Archie Balfour, Mr. Jack Donaldson, Miss Olga Lynn, and Mr. David Tennant and his wife were all congratulating the hostess afterwards, and regretting the fact that so few parties of this kind are given in London now.

It must have been a grievous disappointment to Mlle. Chanel to have to return to France without, after all, showing us the jewellery which she designed herself. The exhibition was to have been at Londonderry House, and the entrance money

was to have been given to one of the charities in which the Queen is specially interested. But Customs officials proved obstructive, for besides demanding £30,000, which she was prepared to pay as guarantee, they shadowed forth that it might not be returnable since some of the jewellery might be sold in this country, and not return to France.

We have long been envious of the French *bijoutier* and the success he has enjoyed with English people; but the recent exhibition of really beautifully designed modern jewellery, held by Major Harry Garrard, should make us very proud of British workmanship.

Cocktail parties, as parties, have become a tedious and tiresome form of entertainment, but I think a charity cocktail party entirely deserving of success. It was Mr. Max Aitken and Miss Sheila Berry who thought it out, and Mr. Ralph Cobbold and Mr. Eddie Tatham who sent out the invitations. The whole of the price of each drink you pay for goes to buy a toy for a poor child in one of the hospitals.

Milk-and-soda parties are the latest thing. A natural reaction, perhaps, not only to too many cocktails but to too many cocktail drinkers. Mrs. Wallace Simpson, the lovely American, has started them, though not entirely from motives of reforming us, since she is doing a milk cure and finds it easier to stick to that diet if everyone else has it, too, the dash of soda being conceded to give it the required snap. Believe me, the effect is exhilarating and the mental kick is hardly to be described. I foresee such a boom in cows that the agricultural depression might well be lifted before long.

There seems to have been little news in the hunting world just recently. Nothing much more, in fact, than a general suggestion that there is nothing much to complain of. It won't have much to complain of either in "Stand to Your Horses,"

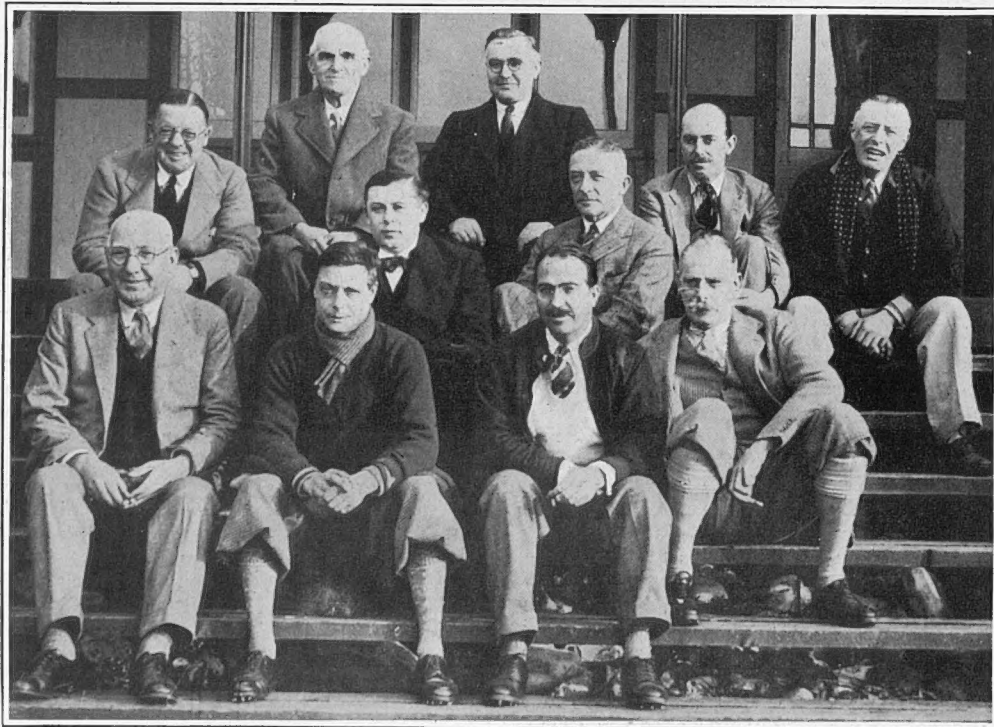
"Sabretache's" new book, illustrated by Patrick Bellew in his best manner. From that you may gather that it will make you smile to say the least of it. It is about horses and some of the people who have to do with horses for one or other of the various reasons which convince them that it is desirable or necessary for them to do so. "Sabretache's" horses are of the kind which inspired the Indian "near" B.A. to say "the horse is the friend of man, but he does not always do so." And there is much leg-pulling at the expense of those whose knowledge of riding and hunting is more assumed than real.—Yours ever, EVE.



Dorothy Wilding

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

The gala matinée of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," which is to be held at His Majesty's on December 19 in aid of The Prince of Wales' Builder Fund of Toc H, is under the immediate patronage of H.M. the Queen, and Her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire is the chairman of the committee which has organized the performance



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES IN SOUTH WALES

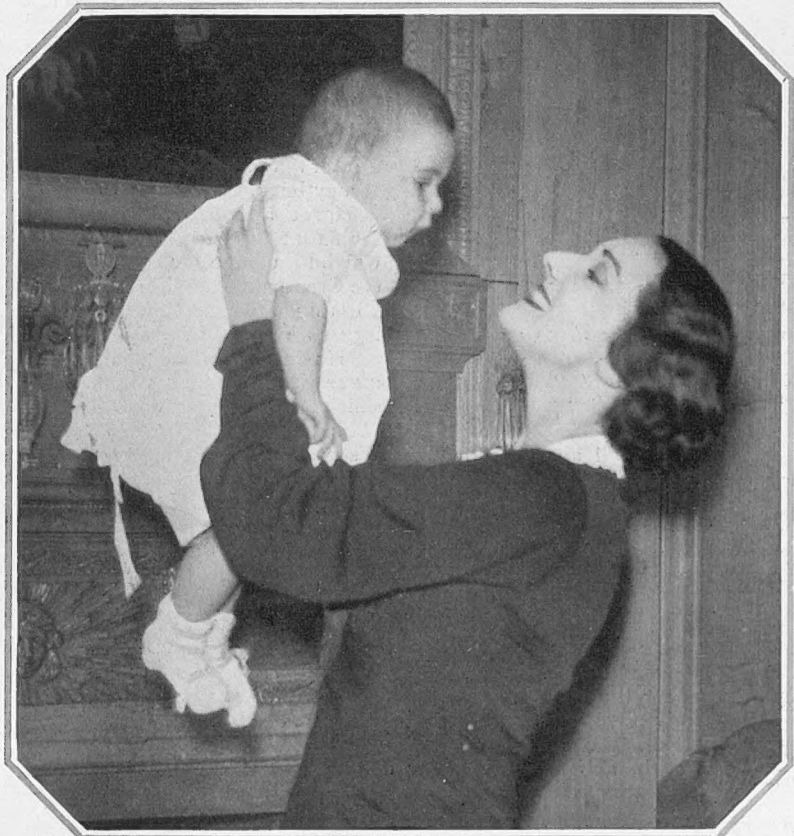
This interesting group taken during H.R.H.'s tour in South Wales last week. The Prince of Wales at the Royal Porthcawl Golf Course, Porthcawl, Glamorgan, South Wales. His Royal Highness is seen with Colonel the Hon. Piers Legh (the Prince's Equerry), Colonel Leatham, D.S.O. (O.C. Welsh Guards), Mr. Robert McEwen (Captain, Royal Porthcawl Golf Club), Mr. John Duncan (Chairman, Welsh Golfing Union), Mr. Russell Mabley, J.P. (Chairman, Porthcawl Urban District Council), Mr. S. R. Martyn (Match Captain, Royal Porthcawl Golf Club), Mr. R. F. Orr, Captain J. R. Nelson (Club Secretary), and Councillors J. E. Davies and J. M. Walters

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS OF THE MOMENT



AT ABADAN: LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN AND THE MARCHIONESS OF MILFORD HAVEN AT THE ARMISTICE DAY RACE MEETING

Lady Louis Mountbatten and Lady Milford Haven are sisters-in-law, and this picture at Abadan, Persian Gulf, was taken during their interesting and, as some people think, rather hazardous tour across Europe out to places somewhere east of Suez. Lord Milford Haven has been placed on the retired list of the Navy at his own request. He entered the service in 1905 and retires as a Commander. His brother, Lieut.-Commander Lord Louis Mountbatten, is Fleet Wireless Telegraphy Officer in H.M.S. "Resolution"



LADY HARCOURT AND HER DAUGHTER, ELIZABETH ANN

A recent and most successful left and right of one of society's very popular young marrieds. Lady Harcourt, who was the Hon. Maud Grosvenor, a daughter of the late Lord Ebury, was married in 1931



THE NORMAN EVASION

Mr. Montagu Norman, whose relations with the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street are regarded as protective in so many quarters, and sinister in some others has, in common with "The Garbo," created an air of mystery which it has taken all the ingenuity of the press reporters and photographers to dispel (partially)! Above is one of the most successful efforts of the snapshot merchant taken in Whitehall on his way to a Cabinet meeting, when he doubtless—as in the picture—pointed out the way they should go(ld)

THE CINEMA : New Films, Old Theories

By JAMES AGATE

ONE of the complaints against the London theatre, and probably against any theatre in the world, is that what one sees is not new plays but old actors in new parts.

In England for two or three generations Shakespeare in London meant Irving and Ellen Terry and in the provinces Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Benson. Now whereas Ellen could play all the Shakespearean heroines, Irving could not play all the men, which was the reason why we never saw Ellen's Rosalind, since Irving had neither the legs nor the voice for Orlando and could not see himself as that second fiddle *par excellence*, Jaques. Benson did play Orlando—indeed his: "As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion" were the first words of Shakespeare I ever heard spoken from the stage. But he did not play Romeo, at least not in my time, though I have no doubt he would have made an excellent job of it. Now say that in France you wanted to see the heroines of Racine and Corneille. That, of course, meant Mme. Bartet. Equally of course if you wanted to see Dumas's *Le Demi-Monde* or any other ultra-smart comedy of the 'sixties you knew that you would spend the evening watching Mlle. Cécile Sorel capering about like a ramrod in delirium. When the films came, one naturally thought that this sort of personality-mongering would be at an end. But this was to reckon without a feature in public taste so firmly rooted that it can only be a trait in human character. This is the tendency to prefer the actor to the play, the coloratura to the song sung, the conductor to the programme. Even in these enlightened days when I take up my Sunday papers I often find announcements that Mme. Payling will warble and Sir Thomas Beecham waggle without any information as to the material to be warbled and waggled. Even in politics our custom is to vote for the man rather than the measure, and rightly. If either Mr. Tom Titt, who illustrates THE TATLER's theatre article, or Mr. Alan Bott who writes it cares to put up for Parliament, I promise him my vote here and now in the hope that one man will get into Parliament who can at least do something brilliantly. Whereas if one votes merely for, say a Bill to Restore the Curfew, of which Dora is quite capable, there is no reason why when the House next meets it should not be found to consist entirely of village idiots. Yes, I think there is no doubt that every country in the world prefers persons to things. Certainly all women do, though I agree that no typist or mannequin could tell you the author of that novel which in the Tube she so fondly bethumbs. But all arguments have their little contradictions, and I should not be surprised if whoever invented the proverb about a multitude of counsellors also invented the one about too many cooks. But let us return to our muttons, meaning the silly sheep of Hollywood upon whom the British public uniquely dotes.

In the pictures then, and in what ought to be their wide open spaces, we find exactly the same thing happening that has always happened in the more restricted area of the theatre. For example *Red Rust* at the Empire is all about a rubber plantation, in which incidentally we are shown some of the details of rubber manufacture. The story, however, is a story of that divorce to secure which would appear on the screen to be the sole reason for marriage. Here the protagonists are Mr. Clark Gable and Miss Jean Harlow. Whereby all the olive-skinned, crinkly-haired hairdresser's assistants from the Mile End Road contemplate rumping the tresses of that platinum blonde whose coiffure they have spent the day arranging. While the blondes in the audience

gazing upon Mr. Gable think on all those torsos, biceps, and what not, still lingering in their minds from Southend's summery shore. Suppose, on the other hand, that the scene of the film is laid in Vienna, the one town in Europe of which Hollywood and even Elstree take cognisance, such a film for example as *Where is this Lady?* at the Hippodrome. Whom in the part of Rudi Muller does the reader suppose that we see? Some Viennese? The reader is wrong. He or she will see Mr. Owen Nares, a delightful actor who is about as Viennese as Mr. Pickwick or Jack Hobbs or me. It is true that he gives a delightful performance. But I submit that you could, to quote that well-known Viennese author, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, "lance but a vein in that superbly modelled arm" without finding any trace of Wiener Blut. Say that we go to see *Hounds of Zaroff* at the Capitol. This is all about a Russian nobleman who lures pleasure-yachts on to the reefs of his island in the South Seas and hunts the survivors of the shipwreck with bows and arrows. Why not

forks and hope, with which if I remember rightly the Snark was pursued? Here the chief figure is that familiar Russian actor, Mr. Leslikov Bankski who, I am persuaded, does not laugh at himself till he has mounted the steppes of his charming house at Thames Ditton, Purley, or wherever it is. Indeed I feel sure that the only reason why Hollywood has not yet filmed the Book of Genesis is that it cannot make up its mind whether Adam and Eve should be in the hands of the Farrell-Gaynor or the Marshall-Best combination. The Barrymores, of course, would have to toss up for Cain and Abel, with la Garbo as the Serpent. Noah probably would be in the hands of Emil Jannings with Marie Dressler as Mrs. Noah. For Madame Potiphar I should cast Joan Crawford while for Joseph I suggest Ivor Novello, and for his brethren need we look farther than the Marx Brothers. It may be argued that this cast is bigger and more unwieldy than that of *Grand Hotel*, to which I reply that on the whole the Creation of the World was, all things considered, on a bigger and unwieldier scale.

Having proved my thesis let me say that the film of the week which I most enjoyed was *Tiger Shark* at the Plaza. This

picture is all about a Portuguese sea-captain who makes his money by fishing for tunny in the shark-infested Pacific. He is a sentimentalist who falls in love with the daughter of one of his men who has fallen overboard into the waiting maws of man-eating sharks, or rather one of them. The woman does not love him and marries him partly out of gratitude—after her father's death he had kept her liberally supplied with garlic and sausage—and partly that on the day of the wedding she may fall in love with his best man. In the end the sea-captain also falls a victim to the shark and all ends happily! The part of the sea-captain is very well acted by Mr. Edward G. Robinson, the lover is competently done by Mr. Richard Arlen, while as the woman in the case Miss Zita Johann is really excellent. The most interesting part of the film is the pictures it gives of the fishing industry. There is one scene in which a workman standing at a bench tears out the livers of monster fish carried past him on a board at the rate of one every ten seconds. Some cinema-goers may have found this revolting, whereas to me it was a pleasing change from the smirks of Miss Blank, the over-large pupils and irises of Miss Dash, and the wriggling shoulder-blades of Miss Somebody Else, it was positively refreshing. Apart from the fish and the principals, there are many good actors in the cast.



GEORGE RAFT AND CONSTANCE CUMMINGS: LEADS IN "NIGHT AFTER NIGHT"

This new Paramount picture was produced at the Plaza on the 9th and is now showing. It is all about the love affairs of a boxer, who retires and buys a speakeasy. There is plenty of thrill plus machine-gun argument in it, and it is a good show



BEAUTY AND THE BIKE: MARY PICKFORD PEDALS TO WORK

PICTURESQUE

Snapshot and Still
from the Film World



VILMA BANKY AND LUIS TRENKER IN "REBEL"

"Rebel," a new German historical film now in the making, is staged in the Tirol, and is concerned with the Franco-Bavarian occupation of 1809. Vilma Banky, the Hungarian star, gives a scintillating performance in this very dramatic picture. Luis Trenker plays the rôle of the Tirolean insurgent and hero, Severin Anderlan. It will be remembered that he was in "The Doomed Battalion"

So the revival, recently noticeable in London, of bicycling as a smart sport has reached Hollywood! Mary Pickford does not patronize this form of progress merely for pleasure, but uses her pedal extremities to wheel herself from her dressing-room to the somewhat distant set where her new picture is in the process of being filmed



TALLULAH BANKHEAD AND ANDY LAWLOR

The glamorous Tallulah—due back in England in January according to present arrangements—recently let fall into the receptive ears of attendant reporters some intriguing phrases concerning the "right man." Now everyone is wondering whether Andy Lawlor, the actor, comes into this category. They are often together and were supping at a Hollywood night club when they were photographed

A Leicestershire Letter

Friday with the Quorn at Ashby Folville was a pestilential day for the purpose of fox-hunting, anyway, and many of the field at the meet were heard to say they wished they were in bed. The need for human companionship had, however, driven a great many out into the storm, including a large contingent of visitors who must be frightfully keen or slightly deranged to box over on such a day. Their presence in the gateways was noticeably felt and they are experts, too. Hounds could do little or nothing, and this pack, so far, seems to have drawn most of the bad scenting days.

Tuesday the Cottesmore were at Somerby and an enormous field turned out from Melton, the Sandy Lane bridle road being one solid string of horses going on to the meet. One gentleman out for a ride on a horse of more pronounced will power than himself was unable to stem the stream and had perforce to go to the meet with them where the imminent fear of being capped caused him to dismount and lead in the direction which *he* desired. Had it not been for this precaution the self-willed animal would, no doubt, have kept him out till hounds went home. The Punch Bowl is a desperate place to do right on the few occasions when foxes leave it. If you stay at the top they go away at the bottom, and if you go down they run back up the precipice again. This time was no exception, and when hounds ran by Leesthorpe and Whissendine to Ashwell more than half the field was left guessing and took no part.

Monday, with the Quorn, at Saxelbye, didn't read promising, but for sheer determination few establishments will beat this one, and after a poor morning, finding at Saxelbye Wood just before sunset, hounds ran through Old Dalby and down into the Hoby Vale to be whipped off at Hoby Village in twilight.

It is said—

That Eric finds a stirrup in each hand more efficient than the usual running cork.

That the owner of these local staying steeplechasers didn't "get five."

That with another forty years to go the ex-M.F.H. must keep out of temptation if his ambition is to be realized.

From the Beaufort

From Lasborough Lodge on Tuesday His Grace brought off a really good hound hunt with a six mile-point and a kill. The latter part of the hunt was in a very rough part of the Cotswold Hills, and only a few stuck it out. A nice hunt in the afternoon finished off an enjoyable day's sport. On Wednesday and Friday it blew a gale, to say nothing of the rain, whilst Saturday, from Lower Stanton, was in most pleasant conditions, and Tom and the mixed pack were at their best and finished off a good day with a kill on Malmesbury Common. Our Joint seems now to have recovered and returned to the chase in earnest. Perhaps a martingale might help to restrain the over-fresh steeds.

George Castle hunted the Lady Park from Newton Lodge in the absence of "Master," but his luck was out—no scent, plenty of foxes, and the field all over the country. Sorry the lady from Worcestershire way got into such a dirty spot; anyhow she helped to cheer us up! The Count honoured us once more, but is, we understand, off abroad shortly. Colonel Stewart is to be married next Monday, and will shortly take up his abode at Bridges Court. We hear the Jelly Dogs are to be turned into "Fox Dogs," and hunt the Berkeley Hills! The party at Upton to be given shortly promises to be fun.

From the Shires and Provinces

From the Heythrop

On Monday we were entertained by Major and Mrs. Daly at Over Norton Park, but the quality of the day's sport did not compare favourably with the quantity of refreshment taken, and we really did very few miles to

the gallon. However, our host's guardsman son was soon on bottom gear, as he got to the bottom of mother's horse and a ditch practically simultaneously, thereby completely holding up the traffic at the one and only jumpable spot. What was it the black-coated, yellow-collared, brass-buttoned major said when he lost his topper? It somehow didn't quite sound like "Oh, my hat!"

We met on Wednesday at Hopcroft's Holt in pouring rain. We must congratulate the new tenant of Rousham on his first fox and his first fall since coming to this country; to fall is human, but to keep foxes as well is divine. Our thrusters were conspicuous by their absence, but it was a very lame excuse that kept them away, and their furore for falling fell this time on older shoulders through Mrs. Daly dislocating hers. A kind lady friend rendered assistance, and we hope she will be remembered at Yuletide.

On Saturday we met at Winsor Castle or Dean Cross-roads, and it looked as if there might be some dirty work at the cross-roads when a young lady's horse did a bolt, but luckily there was no damage. It was a day of circular, but none the less enjoyable, hunts, for after all what is more amusing than a merry-go-round?

Pudlicote Spinney held a brace, and the delight of the owner was so infectious that we hope the disease will spread to all covert-owners.

From the Fernie

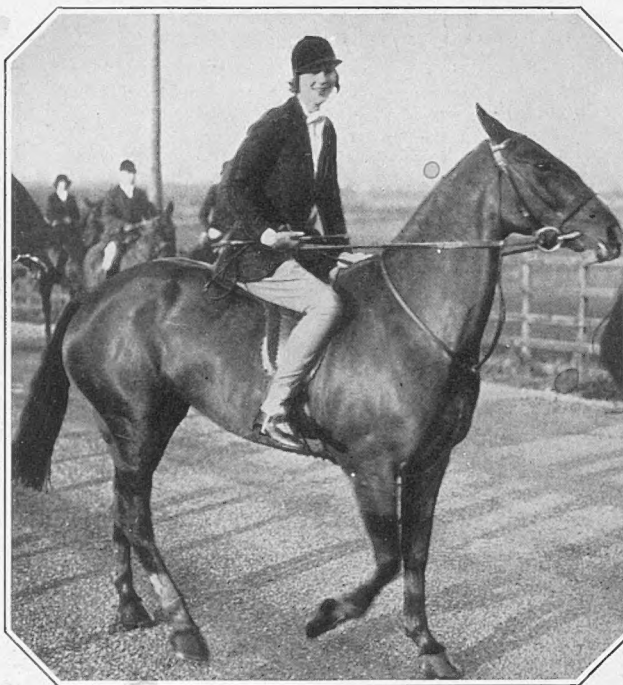
There was a brilliant assembly at Lubenham on Monday, and visitors from everywhere. A jog along the highway to Pamps Gorse, where Mrs. Frank Bellville was keeping guard with her canine companions to regulate, if possible, the too keen foot spectators, resulted in a fox being found at once. A scurry over to Marston Hall and he had vanished, some said to the hills, but the lord of the manor had other views.

At the Hothorpe Hills we began our mountaineering. When on the top, hounds were at the base, and vice versa. The airman aloft saw the best of it. In the end Peaker slipped away with half the field, while others were floundering through the deep rides of the Marston Woods, and ran his fox to ground at Farndon. Back in our own country Bunker's Hill gave us

the next fox, who ran the chain of Laughton Hill Coverts, the clatter on the road, the shortest way, never ceasing until he made for the flats ringing over to Bosworth and Theddingworth. Tom of Winkadale we were glad to see out, if only in a car. May he soon be up again.

Tur Langton village was overflowing with mounted and foot on Thursday, the fine morning after rain giving a cheerful outlook. With the going very holding we spent the first part with a Sheepthorns fox circling round the vicinity before disappearing into General Jack's demesne where probably he reached the cellar. Several had bought their bit of land. The Swan almost found her natural element at the Sheepthorns brook, but survived to collide later with a push-biker who was racing the field on the road.

Good luck to the dapper laird of the Coplow on his seventy-fifth anniversary and still going strong in the saddle. An enjoyable hunt from Shangton Holt gave those whose horses lasted enough for the day.



RECOVERED! LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY

Everyone was glad to see Lady Ursula fit enough to ride again after her recent bad fall hunting in Cheshire. This picture was taken when she was with the Rufford at Stockerton

Howard Barr, II

(Continued on p. xxiii)

ACTIN', SHOOTIN', AND HUNTIN'

English and Irish Activities



SHOOTING THE COMBE COURT PHEASANTS

Arthur Owen

The Hon. Jock Leslie and his bride, who was Miss Coral Pinckard until last July, recently gave a shooting-party at the Surrey home of the Hon. Mrs. Leslie's parents. With them in this group are Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Thistlethwayte, Major Denton Carlisle, Mr. Peter Ackroyd, and Mr. Jocelyn Beauchamp. Mr. Leslie is Lord Rothes' brother



MEETING THE MEATH AT SLANE CASTLE:
MISS MARGARET BAIRD, LADY HOLMPATRICK,
AND CAPTAIN THE HON. HUBERT PRESTON

Vyvyan Poole, Dublin



THREE GENERATIONS OF WINDSOR STROLLERS:
LADY CRUTCHLEY, MR. AND MRS. G. E. V. CRUTCHLEY,
AND MISS ROSALIE CRUTCHLEY IN "THE RIVALS"

Russell



HERE'S TO HUNTING: MR. M. EVERARD (right) WITH COLONEL AND MRS.
HILL-DILLON, MR. G. LEAHY, MISS CAMERON, AND THE HON. MRS. MASSY

Vyvyan Poole, Dublin

Those brilliant amateurs, the Windsor Strollers, recently gave an admirable presentation of Sheridan's "The Rivals," in which three generations of Crutchleys (see top right) were on view. Lady Crutchley played Mrs. Malaprop; her son, Mr. G. E. V. Crutchley, was Fag, her daughter-in-law took the part of Julia, and her grand-daughter made an engaging Boot Boy. Mrs. G. E. V. Crutchley is the daughter of the late Mr. Hugh Spottiswoode. The two remaining pictures were taken at the Slane Castle meet of the Meath. Miss Greta Cameron was very much at home, for Slane Castle is where she and her mother, Frances Lady Conyngham, live. Miss Margaret Baird (see left), a visitor from Scotland, is Lord Conyngham's niece



MISS JOYCE BETHELL, OXFORD'S WOMEN'S FENCING CAPTAIN

The Oxford Women's Fencing Club is a very young organization, having only recently been formed, but it is obviously popular as the membership is on the increase. Miss Joyce Bethell, the captain of the club, was at the H.Q., George Street, Oxford, when this picture was taken

and frustration, and bitter disillusion that happiness becomes anything more than just symbolical crumpets-for-tea. As one looks back, of course, the misery of daily lessons; tedious walks with nurses and governesses, the scarcely ever ceasing hurts of childhood seem like comparative joy beside the things which blacken the days of later life. Like any year pre-War when regarded from the post-War worry and confusion. That is, I suppose, why people are always inclined to rhapsodize and sentimentalize over their early youth. They forget the effect of those pin-pricks which at the time looked like so many bludgeonings of cruel fate. Which is why long descriptions of anybody's childhood usually sent their listeners into yawns. One resents the assumption that anybody's childhood was anything quite so rosy as all that. We know it wasn't. At least it wasn't from the point of view of what we then were. For this reason the usual modern fairy story sends mamma into such raptures that, like the average evening programme presented by the B.B.C., she loses all sense of entertainment in a kind of non-stop dullness under the impression that what she herself is enjoying must delight her children because, after all, are they not hers and so part of herself? All the same, the comic horse in a pantomime fills children with far more rapture than the tender mothering of any dear little Wendy, though another little Wendy is what all mothers hope their daughters are going to be. Mother, at any rate is, in her imagination, always swinging joyfully on some tree-top, probably the only one present who is really enjoying herself. Memory has a curious way of remembering only the happier hours and illuminating them all afresh and far more brilliantly. And so I always doubt if childhood really be the happiest time of

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Childhood.

If the happiest time of our lives is when we are unconsciously happy then childhood is, as a rule, the happiest time of our lives. All the same, I doubt if childhood, even the happiest childhood, is worth nearly so much in life's sum-total as a happy middle and old age. It is after one has known loneliness,

our lives, except as we look back upon it and remember. And that, after all, applies always equally well to the days when we were children no longer. Consequently, when I picked up a little book called "Little Innocents" (Cobden-Sanderson. 6s.), being a collection of reminiscences by, among others, Dame Ethel Smyth, Lord Berners, Harold Nicolson, C. B. Cochran, Louisa Countess of Antrim, Evelyn Waugh, E. M. Delafield, and roughly two dozen other well-known people, I expected the pretty-pretty worst. As a matter of fact, it is a most amusing volume. The writers haven't tried to remember their childhood, but only to recount one or two incidents which stand out from that period either as a moment of bliss or a hell of a bombshell. Curiously enough, too, the lesser purely literary "lights" are far more entertaining than the professional authors. It is always a loss to literature that one must count Dame Ethel Smyth primarily as a musician. Her contribution to the book in question is the most amusing of them all; but Lady Antrim's picture of a child of the 'sixties is delightful, and may well be pondered over to advantage by those writers of children's stories who please so many mothers by presuming that children only like the sweetest, loveliest, kindest little tales. Dorothy Wellesley again draws a realistic picture of childhood which is worth a whole volume of the usual tender parental recollections. She writes: "All children, certainly all small children, are always a little anxious. This cannot be otherwise. Fear of punishment, fear of scolding, even of a snub. And then the horror of the food which one had to eat when one didn't like it, and the misery of the daily walk. A child's waking moment might well be darkened by the prospect of that inevitable walk. It is not natural for children to walk. As well take a marmoset for a walk. This at least might provide better entertainment for the nurse. The lagging of that child, the shouting of that nurse!" Yes, it is just as well to remember that aspect of childhood from time to time, and "Little Innocents" does not ignore it. The book even makes first-class entertainment out of it. A most amusing volume.

A Decorative Children's Book.

"The Silver Ship" (Putnam. 6s.), a new book for children collected by Lady Cynthia Asquith, comes to us in a decorative cover, and with illustrations which are not only most amusing but often very charming. Of the literary contents I must be a little more guarded in my praise. Are most of the stories the kind of stories which children will like? is best answered by declaring that if they don't happen to like them the grown-up person who reads to them will return to childhood with a mind enchantingly lifted to assume juvenility. The first story, "Fost," by Angela Thirkell, is however definitely a lack of tact. I cannot imagine any child feeling pleased by the story of a little girl who, listening at the drawing-room door, heard her parents bemoaning the fact that in a few years' time their children would be old enough to live most of their life downstairs and no longer shut away in the nursery. "Christmas with Uncle Jolliboy," by Denis Mackail, comes nearer to the child's standard of a proper tale because it deals with things like explosions and general wreckage, with a spice of danger which doesn't really exist. All the same, Flora Klickmann, most of whose stories are written for children, and who knows at least something of what a child's imagination



WALTER LINDRUM AND JACK BLOOMFIELD AT GRACIE FIELDS' PARTY

Gracie Fields' party at the Savoy last week was in connection with the Orphanage which she presented to the Variety Artists Ladies' Guild, and rows and rows of celebrities were there. Walter Lindrum is as famous in the billiards world as Jack Bloomfield, the ex-boxing champion, is in the fistic one

(Continued on p. 448)

A HUMAN SACRIFICE

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



"Drop in about 7.30 old fellow; we've got some relatives for supper"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

demands, contributes the most successful tale of all the collection in "The Bother About Beatrice." Most of the characters are animals, and act much more like human beings ought to act than the human beings actually do act, who get mixed up with them. That kind of story always goes down well. There is also poetry in the collection, the most amusing of which is by Herbert Asquith; though here again the humour is more for a "child" who has had her face lifted than for one who can still be smacked and put to bed supperless. It runs:

This lion under southern stars
Chased millionaires in motor-cars;
He teased them in his hours of play,
And once he met and ate Aunt May.

What now is left? Be-
side the door
His crumpled skin lies
on the floor,
Moths eat his tail that
lashed the grass
His eyes are knobs of
yellow glass;
His golden head and
kingly mane
Are now a footstool for
Aunt Jane.

At the end of the volume there is a vocabulary of some of the words found in the stories which children may not know. Among them are such words as "Amphora" and "Cramesy" and "Thermidor," which in themselves are rather a criticism of the book. It is a volume for the somewhat high-brow nursery which may and usually is found downstairs. People downstairs will adore it.

Love Affairs.

I sometimes think that a woman hugs to her heart her love affairs as a man does his golf handicap, always providing, of course, that it be something to be envied by his neighbour. Which is why a happy, care-free, independent spinster has often to fight for recognition in a collection of unloved and unlovely married women harassed to death by the husband problem. And why the man who goes round the golf course happily, with no care for his handicap, returns to the golf-house and goes forward to the society of the plus-fours as towards the Presence.

Well, "A Mirror for Men" (Douglas. 7s. 6d.), by Winifred Manners, is a story of a much-loved heroine letting off the pent-up pride of her own esteem in regard to the men who have loved her. I can imagine so many of her feminine readers finding intense interest in the story merely from the fact that it enables them to compare notes. For women will never understand that most love affairs resemble one another and only those which don't are of the very slightest interest. Like the woman who walks down Bond Street all goo-goo eyes and then feels terrifically elated by the subsequent sensation which has been the masculine answer to her blatant demand for recognition. So in this book we read through the account of how the heroine first fell in love with a young gunner whom she meets at her parents' house in the early days of the War, and how later on there is another love affair, her own marriage, and a final infatuation after that. But it is the young gunner whom we get to know the best

because, in describing him, the narrator subtly recounts her own reactions to sex and mankind in general, and so at the end, her own philosophy, built up of experience, where men and love and marriage are concerned. Of its kind the story is very well done.

Naughty, Naughty.

I always welcome a new novel by "Rita." She belongs so brightly to that faded world wherein mid-Victorian condemnation of sexual irregularities was giving way to the playfully shocked naughty-naughty attitude of the 'nineties, when past sins were generously forgiven to octogenarians, and ladies showed their calves with fine display of unconsciousness, and hoped that they were being very naughty too. So "The Naughty

Grandfather" (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) had been a gay young dog in his day, and his relations had all been naughty as well, and Toinette, being the outcome of all his naughtiness, was presumed to have temperament even when, if the truth must be told, she needed only a good smacking. Toinette was only thirteen when we first meet her, but this does not prevent her from telling her naughty grandfather "I have thoughts . . . strange and profound, as if I were as old as yourself." She develops, however, into a "bright young thing," brighter than the brightest, and she might have been overwhelmed by the manifold results of her family's past naughtiness had not her old and doting grandfather possessed a secretary, Anthony Brent, who combined in six feet of brave young manhood all those attributes which send our typists into dreams of let's pretend. Perhaps it is Toinette's affection for this young man which paves the way to happier relations between her and her distracted grandfather. There are, of course, other alarms and excursions, because, of course, Rita belongs to that generation of novelist which does know how to write a good story, and even though they may not amount to very much at the end, they keep the interest from flagging. So those who are out for a story certainly get one in "The Naughty Grandfather."



"SHE WAS ONLY A MOUNTAINEER'S DAUGHTER—BUT, 'COULDN'T SKI'"

Drawn by Dudley S. Cowes

Let This Be An Omnibus Christmas.

Christmas being upon us, and as most of the better-known authors have gone completely "omnibus," let me mention Clemence Dane's "Recapture" (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), which includes "Regiment of Women," "A Bill of Divorcement," "Legend," "Will Shakespeare," and other of her works; Sylvia Lynd's "The Christmas Omnibus" (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), which includes extracts from the works of, among others, Swift, Pope, Samuel Butler, Dickens, Rose Macaulay, besides the whole of "Cranford," and the Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini; and Hugh Walpole's "Four Fantastic Tales" (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.), which includes "Maradick at Forty," "Prelude to Adventure," "A Man with Red Hair," and "Above the Dark Circus." Wonderful value in each case, although, personally, I hate the stodgy effect of "omnibus" books, while acknowledging their virtues and sympathising with their general welcome.

LAST WEEK'S DINNER TO LORD LYTTON



H.E. CONSTANTIN SKIRMUNT (Polish Ambassador)
AND LADY OXFORD AND ASQUITH



SIR GEORGE McDONAGH AND
SIR JOHN CHANCELLOR



SIR JAMES BARRIE AND LADY LYTTON



H.E. BARON VON HOESCH (German Ambassador)
AND LADY BRYCE



THE HON. MRS. WILSON FOX AND
LORD DICKENSON



LADY GLADSTONE AND LORD LYTTON



PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY AND LADY SIMON

Lord Cecil of Chelwood presided at this banquet given by the League of Nations Union to Lord Lytton in recognition of the fine work he has done in the Far East in his report on the Chino-Japanese situation. The dinner was held at the Hotel Victoria and, as will be observed even from the small collection of people who were there, attracted a large proportion of the Corps Diplomatique and distinguished members of the worlds of politics, science, literature, and society at large. Space does not permit of much enlargement of personal detail, but it is desirable to mention that the Hon. Mrs. Wilson Fox is the chairman of the Women's Advisory Council of the League of Nations Union

Photographs by Sasha



LADY PROCTOR AND SIR PRABHASHANKAR PATTANI



GIANT NATURE AND MODERN MAN

Dorien Leigh

A wonderful picture taken in the Arctic when an airman landed near this enormous berg to pick up a man who was in distress. As there is usually at least half as much again below the surface as there is above it, the immensity of this floating ice mountain can be gauged

Paris Show.

FINENESS of spirit pervades everything in Paris. Unlike Londoners, the people are civilized and, during my eleventh-hour visit to the Salon de l'Aéronautique at the Grand Palais, two instances occurred to illustrate this. In the taxi on the way from the Imperial Airways terminus to my hotel, the taxi-driver—a man of Continental dimensions with a peaked cap arranged menacingly over the eyes—slid open the communicating window and, as we rocked through the traffic, politely inquired my views on the American Debt question. Thereafter he gave me his own views at length, converting the figures he quoted from francs to pounds sterling for my benefit and simultaneously executing prodigious swerves from under the wheels of buses.

I began to think that he must be a very special kind of taxi-driver and I asked him if he owned his cab. But no! He replied that it was better to take the company's cabs. If one owned one and had a crash, one might be unable to ply for hire for three or perhaps four days while repairs were being effected; but if one has a crash with one of the company's cabs one has the great convenience of being able to take another at once. It was as logical an argument as the one he advanced on the American Debt.

The second example of the gulf, deeper and wider than the Straits of Dover, that lies between the spirit of the two nations happened in the Grand Palais itself. I was passing the Rolls-Royce stand when I overheard a small, dark-eyed French youth, who was examining the Kestrel, say to his companion: "It is like a jewel." It was a revelation of national character reminiscent of that similar incident in the "Inland Voyage." Such a comparison would never occur to an Englishman; yet it is a very precise and a very pretty comparison. The Kestrel is like a jewel.

The Exhibits.

But despite the superior fineness of the Parisian exhibits at the Salon showed that the English have been quicker to seize on the essentials of aeronautical engineering. In my view the Salon is the sincerest form of flattery. Wherever I looked I saw engines and aeroplanes, admittedly and openly based upon British models, and although Paris remains, and will ever remain, indisputably the originator and leader of women's fashions, England must at the moment be given credit as the originator and leader of aeronautical fashions. The show is a show of engines. Engines provide the real interest, and in both the air-cooled and water-cooled varieties on the French and Italian stands it was possible to recognize the fundamental concepts which have been so thoroughly developed by British designers.

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

But it is to be freely admitted that these concepts have been greatly modified, and sometimes, so far as theoretical criticism can judge, improved. There were some exquisite examples of design and workmanship, and generally speaking there are signs that the French are entering a period of enthusiasm for aeronautics, the kind of enthusiasm that is essential to them if they are to do their best work. Delage and Hispano-Suiza showed super-charged engines of 450 and 650 h.p., having a number of points of special interest. The Delage has two blowers and the special valve gear introduced on the cars, and the Hispano a single double-duct blower with the six carburettors on the engine side in the manner of the Mercedes car-blower. It is not to be forgotten when admiring these designs, however, that the engines have not been subjected to long period tests under normal service conditions. What they will do then remains to be seen.

It is clear that these engines are intended to play the part the Kestrel has been and is playing so successfully. There was also at the show an engine intended to play the part played by the Rolls-Royce racing engine (a development of the Buzzard) in the winner of the Schneider Trophy, and in the aircraft that established the world's speed record of 407½ m.p.h. This is the double Fiat engine which drives two air-screws running in opposite sense with small clearance between the blades. It is an enormous engine, a veritable monument in metal; but it has not yet, after more than a year, proved capable of beating the Rolls-Royce record. Apart from its size and the double air-screw arrangement it appeared to be orthodox in design.

Lessons of the Show.

Looking at the Paris Show from a distance of about two weeks, one notes that its chief significance is that English designers are no longer to be left in undisputed command of the engine position. They are to be vigorously assailed by the French and by the Italians. I am inclined to think that the English designers will welcome that competition as a stimulus and an encouragement, and, provided no political difficulties are put in their way, I think that they will be able to hold their position. But it is equally clear that some groping for new forms will shortly be necessary. Powers will certainly be pushed further up, and then, when engine positions are altered, it will become essential to abandon the old form for some new form.

There are flat engines, inverted T engines, inverted V engines, heavy oil engines, multi-crank-shaft engines, and many other choices available. But so long as the engine is placed in the nose of the fuselage and the pilot sits behind it, it is difficult to see any real advantage to be gained from a departure from the V engine, either right way up or inverted. It can be made of so small frontal area that the pilot's body must take as much room, so that a steady increase of power will do all that is necessary or possible to increase performance. When engines are placed in the wings, however, the change of form will be warranted.

London Aeroplane Club.

The annual dinner and dance held by the London Aeroplane Club will be held to-night at the Park Lane Hotel, Piccadilly. It is an aeronautical occasion of the first importance for all interested in amateur flying. The London Club was founded in 1925, when it was opened by Sir Philip Sassoon at Stag Lane Aerodrome. It offers careful, complete, and efficient instruction at a lower fee than any other school in the London district, and its record is a particularly good one. Some of the best amateur pilots learnt to fly at the London Club.



MISS DOROTHY BOUCHIER

Sasha

The beautiful young film actress who is playing the lead in the big air race film, "The King's Cup," a British picture full of big thrills. In private life Dorothy Bouchier is Mrs. Harry Milton



THE BUTCHER WHO CUT HIMSELF

By H. M. BATEMAN



AN IRISH LIVE WIRE :
New studies of Lord

MISS OLIVE PLUNKET
Milton's future wife



Photographs
by Yevonde



Bishop Plunket's only daughter, who became engaged during the summer to Lord Milton, has an immense circle of friends in the Emerald Isle ; in fact, it is hardly an exaggeration to describe her as the leader of Ireland's Bright Young Set. She loves hunting, which she does principally with the Meath. She also goes racing indefatigably, and usually wears a becoming beret. Miss Olive Plunket's fiancé, who is the only son of Lord Fitzwilliam, came of age last December





MRS. JIM SEELY AND MR. BILL SEELY

LADY GALWAY AND THE
FAMOUS HERR STRAUSS

MR. RICE AND MRS. BLEW JONES

NOTTINGHAM DANCES

When Strauss calls the tune

MR. FILMER SANKEY, M.F.H.,
WITH MISS WARREN

Organised by the Nottingham Conservative Association, the Strauss Ball—so called because the distinguished descendant of the first Johann Strauss was present in person to conduct the British band—took place at the Palais de Danse, and was an immeasurable success

SIR JULIEN CAHN, M.F.H. (THE BURTON), WITH
MR. C. J. PAIN AND FRAU JOHANN STRAUSS

As president of the Nottingham Conservative Association (Central Div.), Sir Julien Cahn was naturally supporting the Strauss Ball, to which house parties came from far and near. Frau Strauss, the wife of the Waltz King, was a welcome visitor and shared in the triumphant reception accorded to her brilliant husband and his bâton

MR. T. O'CONNOR, K.C., M.P.,
LADY PLUNKET AND SIR
ALBERT BALL

Mr. Terence O'Connor has been Member for Nottingham (Central Div.) since 1930, and Sir Albert Ball is a former Mayor, who does much public service. Like everyone else present at the Strauss Ball (and local celebrities were there in crowds), they were very appreciative of Lady Plunket's costume dancing turn, which was a very special event of the evening



MRS. BILL SEELY AND MR. BISSILL



SIR HAROLD BOWDEN AND COUNTESS STROMM

SHOOTING THE

PHEASANT BIRD



Truman Howell

AT THE EARL OF BRADFORD'S SHOOT AT WESTON: LADY JOAN AND LADY ANNE BRIDGEMAN AND MISS ROSEMARY DEARDON



Truman Howell

LORD NEWPORT,
LORD BRADFORD'S SON



Truman Howell

THE HON. MRS. HENRY TUFTON, CAPTAIN HENRY
AND LADY MAY ABEL SMITH

Weston Park, Shifnal, Lord Bradford's seat, is one of the best shoots in all Shropshire, also one of the finest estates. Lord Bradford and his family, some of whom are seen in these pictures, are staunch supporters of the Albrighton Hounds, and Lady Rosebery, wife of the master of the Whaddon, is Lady Bradford's sister. Lord Newport, who is twenty-one, was at Harrow. Lady Anne and Lady Joan Bridgeman are Lord and Lady Bradford's two younger daughters



ALSO AT WESTON: LORD GRANARD, LORD POWIS
AND LORD BRADFORD



Arthur Owen

CAPTAIN AND LADY MOIRA
LYTTETTON AT SHERWOOD
LODGE



Arthur Owen

LORD CASTLEROSSE AND LADY WIMBORNE
AND THE LOADER AT THE SHERWOOD
LODGE SHOOT

Two of these pictures were taken at Lord Wimborne's recent shoot at Sherwood, Notts, and the other of Lord Bradford with two of his guests, Lord Granard and Lord Powis, at the Weston Park shoot. Lady Moira Lyttelton is the youngest sister of the Duke of Leeds, and married Captain Oliver Lyttelton in 1920. He was formerly in the Grenadier Guards

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER,—The big "do" of the week in the *monde où l'on s'amuse* was, of course, the ball given at the Comédie Française last night in order to raise funds for a theatrical charity that provides homes for those members of the profession who have retired from the struggle without anything but their press-cutting albums to sustain them through the last stages of their strange, eventful histories.

The daily Press informed us that two hundred years have elapsed since *la Comédie* "gave to dance" under its dignified roof. Well can I believe it, for it was obvious that the esteemed organisers of this Large and Late lack both experience and—what is less pardonable—the most elementary forethought, since they ordained that the guests, who for the greater part had plunked down a perfectly good cuppla hundred francs each for their ticket, should only be allowed to enter by the narrow, if celebrated, *porte des Abonnés*. This was no doubt flattering, but most of the lightly-clad ladies and white-cravated lads would have vastly preferred the pit and gallery entrance or the back door—anything, in fact, rather than having to hang about in the rain while the trickling-in process took place. However, we are very patient in Paris, though you may not believe it, and, once inside, all was speedily forgiven and forgotten in the joy of rubbing elbows with all the Flower-and-Chivalry of the town and seeing M. Albert Lebrun—and Madame—beaming from the Presidential box.

Joy, also, to see our most venerable *Sociétaires* in frivolous and other unaccustomed guises. Though, *entre nous*, I always think that for sheer sporting pluck and gaiety, not to say devilment, the ladies of the Comédie Française are hard to beat, especially those who have got there (as perhaps Mr. James Agate would say) *à la force du poignet!*

You will know what I mean if you have ever seen Cécile Sorel in the *Taming of the Shrew*. Her portrayal of the heroine of *le grand Will's* immortal farce is as good as a circus any day; in fact, I have often found her more amusing than the (to my mind) overrated Fratellini clowns in very much the same rôles! In fact, I am sure that if Mistinguett hadn't nabbed the job first, Sorel would have performed wonders up and down the famous stairs of the Casino de Paris.

Of the younger members of the Comédie, Madeleine Renaud (who was in London recently with Sacha Guitry), Mary Bell and Edwige Feuillère, to name but a few, are all cinema stars of scintillating magnitude, and as such are accustomed to every kind of hair-raising stunt. It was Madeleine Renaud—but this required no great physical effort—who spoke a piece to welcome the President, specially composed by Paul Gerdard for the occasion. She is a lovely little thing, and though, I gather, Sacha's recent "season" in London was rather a frost, and you therefore hardly had the opportunity of appreciating her, you must have noticed her elsewhere in a French film, *Jean de la Lune*, that ran in London for quite a while, in which she was very attractive.

Of course, the many celebrities whose names were down on the programme of the entertainment that preceded the ball were not solely of the Comédie Française. The *boule-*

vard theatres and even the music halls were well represented, and also several notable amateurs played more or less important parts. The Comte Armand de la Rochefoucauld, for instance, was to dance a *Pavane Louis XIV.* with beautiful Mlle. Suzanne Rissler, of the Variétés, and the appearance of this very handsome couple was greeted with "Ohs!"



MLLE. FLORELLE IN "LA REVUE D'AMOUR"

The beautiful lady—one of many—who aids and abets in the success of this new revue at the Folies-Bergère, to which all Paris is flocking



Photos. Waléry, Paris

AT A RÉPÉTITION OF "LA REVUE D'AMOUR"

Miss Blue Bell and the chef d'orchestre, M. Hermette, rehearsing The Blue Bell Girls in one of the rather complicated numbers which they present at the Folies-Bergère

rehearsal, taken la Rochefoucauld's place at the last moment, the latter having failed to appear.

The only quarrel I have with this ball is that it caused me to miss Walter Rummel's concert at the Salle Gaveau, but I was obliged to be at the Française on one or two little programme-selling and what-not jobs. It was a particularly interesting recital, commemorating as it did the centenary of the meeting of Chopin and Liszt in Paris in 1832, and the beginning of their great friendship. Walter Rummel's programme presented the two great composers in the same forms of composition: their *valse*s, *études*, and *berceuses*; his interpretation purposing to show the different sentiments evoked in each by the same subject. How, for instance, in the *Berceuse de Chopin*, the music suggests the soul of a child, its dreams and happy irresponsibility, while with Liszt it is the mother's soul that is revealed by the musician.

By the way, did you know, Très Cher, that Walter Rummel is the grandson of S. F. B. Morse?—his mother being the daughter of the great inventor of the Morse code. So perhaps it is from Grandpapa that he inherits his sense of rhythm! With love, Très Cher,

PRISCILLA.

"LA REVUE D'AMOUR," AT THE FOLIES



TWO RÉPÉTITION STUDIES AT THE NEW FOLIES-BERGÈRE REVUE

Photos: Waléry, Paris

The Press performance of this new and gorgeously spectacular revue happened a short time ago, and the show has now gone into the regular bill. Our "Priscilla," who went to see the "Répétition Générale," was a bit inclined to hold her fire and not pronounce one way or the other about its merits; but it is in any case magnificently mounted and Florelle, the French talkie star, is the vedette of the revue. Her picture, with another one of a rehearsal of one of the ballets, appears on "Priscilla's" page in this issue. The top picture on this page is of what they call the Parade de Metal, a rather Robotique effect; and the lower one is of just a rehearsal of some of the beautiful show girls under the eyes of, amongst others, M. Derval and Madame Komarova

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT



*Heigh-ho,
My Old Shako*

THE LONG AND SHORT OF COMIC RELIEF:
CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD, JERRY VERNO



STUDENTS OF SORTS: JOHN
GARRICK, ESMOND KNIGHT
FRED CONYNGHAM

THE Edwardians were bound to come into the period vogue before long. The early Victorians, middle Victorians, and late Victorians had a good run for our money in plays, books, operettas and musical comedies (also in such illustrated volumes as "Our Fathers" and "Our Mothers," compiled by a self-advertising fellow named Alan Bott). Then we jumped from "As We Were" to "As We Are," and laughed at ourselves in only yesterday's looking-glass. Ourselves when very young, the Edwardians and pre-war Georgians, have thus far been skipped, except in a few retrospective novels.

It is now the turn of the Edwardians. Fetch me my silk-faced frock-coat, a portrait of Arthur Balfour as Prime Minister, another of Mrs. Brown Potter as professional beauty, and the second volume of Mr. Garvin's Life of Joseph Chamberlain. Tell me the latest from Ostend and Baden-Baden. Have the carriage ready, with the bay geldings, at four o'clock. And let us admire lovely girls, still corseted, but careless as to whether the lower curves of calves are visible above black-stockinged ankles; girls with long hair, but with the light of self-assertion in their eyes. As for the hair, when they were embraced it pleasantly wound itself round fingers down the back; as for the self-assertion, it expressed itself through a demand for latch-keys, and in biting policemen as an argument for votes; and as for the corsets, a man I know intimately takes pride in the memory that he was once hit on the head by the corsets of a much-taunted lady.

Some day we shall have a comic opera about charming young Suffragettes. Meanwhile *Wild Violets*, as a musical comedy about students and schoolgirls in 1902, has begun the harkaway to Edwardianism on the lighter stage—if, that is to say, Edwardianism be considered as a period rather than a British state of mind, for the students are Swiss-German and the girls at finishing school are international. The new show at Drury Lane starts on a modern background of Alps, health, skis, meaningless jokes, vacant laughter, and Albertina Rasch girls doing physical jerks with chorus boys in very short shorts. But an annual reunion of three old classmates from thirty years ago is in the air. Their sometime students' caps are waiting on the inn-keeper's table. The new young are benevolently patronising



SCHOOLGIRLS OF SORTS:
VALERIE HAY, MYRTLE
STEWART, ADELE DIXON

JEAN CADELL AS
SCHOOLMA'AM

RITA COOPER

about the returned fogeys. Innkeeper Hans, though, knows that the 1902 vintage of students was at least as potent as that of 1932, and says as much when one student son asks what father was like before the moths got at him. There were three gay youths, Paul Hoffmann, Otto Bergmann, and Eric Schmidt; and it happened thirty years ago in this very Stone Jug Inn. So while Innkeeper Hans talks, fade-out (in the all too-familiar manner of *Bitter Sweet* and many another post-war production) to thirty years ago in this very Stone Jug Inn.

I sat back to wallow in dear, dead days, for I that watched had worn (though it was after bluff King Edward's day) such a German-student cap as those on the darkening table. For me, these caps were set to the unheard music of "Heigh-ho, My Old Shako."

Paul, Otto, and Erik, when the lights returned and the revolving stage had turned through three decades, were dressed in tangerine coats, green trousers, and green check waistcoats. They did some self-conscious horseplay, and for the rest of three hours at Drury Lane they talked of nothing except girls, girls, girls. They were like youths acting in an unoriginal charade, and were even remoter from reality than musical-comedy students of the Old Heidelberg sort usually are. (It is true that we talked now and then of girls, and frequented them at orthodox or clandestine times; but the nearness of a finishing school like this one presided over by Paul's Auntie Hoffmann could not have persuaded us to be forever hanging round it, like young dogs barking before sequestered female kennels. No calf-love flirtation could have been as enjoyable as an episode I remember when one big youth threw into the river an arrogant member of the *Polizei*, and we had to provide him with a beerhouse alibi.)

Wild Violets misses other chances of making the most of its opportunities for novelty and sentiment. It does not keep, as *Show Boat* did, to the period it has adopted. Syncopated musical numbers are used; and bang, to the accompaniment of a particularly loud orchestra, goes the producer's missed opportunity to draw the town with sentiment, as he could have done by introducing into his English version some authentic, well-remembered tunes of the early nineteen hundreds. And such sentiment as there is becomes sentimentalism, because of mushy lyrics in regulation pattern (four consecutive songs in the first act are "Summer in Our Hearts," "A Girl has Got My Heart," "Dreaming of Love," and "When I Love I do Love"). Again, it is assumed that the mere sight of things gone by—a 1900 car, or a team of girl bicyclists wearing white gaiters and small straw hats, perched on the heads like birds' nests,

with feathers sticking out—is sufficient to cause fits of laughter. These apparitions are funny in a mild degree, but not nearly so attractive as they would seem if, instead of being mere decorations, they were part of the plot—once more, in the manner of *Show Boat*.

Yet this latest of Drury Lane's productions on a vast scale evidently pleases many. I should record that plenty of applause follows the final curtain, when (after the usual misunderstanding about a misplaced kiss) a 1902 student has eloped with a 1902 senior girl, and a 1932 pair have been inspired to do likewise. It was perhaps my own insufficiency that I could find only these merits that follow. Acceptable fooling by Charlotte Greenwood and Jerry Verno. Adèle Dixon's vitality, if not her pertness. Morton Selten, the fruitiest of Edwardians. Charm by Therese Vincent. One of Marguerite Earle's dances. Excellent scenery by Mr. Aubrey Hammond; splendid lighting effects by Mr. Hassard Short; and deliciously ugly costumes of the day before yesterday, designed by Miss Doris Zinkeisen.

And Jean Cadell as a headmistress. Her primness is exquisite; and her talent for silent humour falls little short of superb in the single scene which I enjoyed without reserve. The student hero, disguised as a music-master, has entered his aunt's school for young ladies, and is a tom-cat among the pigeons. The headmistress arranges for him one of those awful, romping dances, as performed in girls' schools before the war. For this incident only, the producer has had the wit to interpolate the old, cloying melody that went with such happenings. The general result, with echoes from memory backing up the sight of gawky movements by young, tight-laced bodies in foliage-patterned dresses and black cotton stockings, grows suddenly hilarious. Jean Cadell, conducting the movements from the stairway, doubles the comic effect by expressing nice ecstasy with her face. She is Beachcomber's Miss Violet Cork to the life. I would almost sit again through the rest of *Wild Violets* in order to see her repeat these five minutes of fine miming.

EDWARDIANS: THERESE VINCENT,
MORTON SELTEN

MARGUERITE EARLE

"ANOTHER LANGUAGE" FIRST NIGHTERS



THE HON. MRS. MAURICE BRETT
(ZENA DARE) AND CAPTAIN DE LISSA



MR. AND MRS. BUNNY AUSTIN
(PHYLLIS KONSTAM)



MRS. SOMERSET MAUGHAM AND HER
DAUGHTER LIZA



MRS. ALDRIDGE, MRS.
RICHTER AND MISS
MAUD ALLAN

(ON LEFT) MR. AND
MRS. PHILIP CARR



Photos. Sasha



MISS MARY ELLIS AND MR. BASIL SYDNEY
(HER HUSBAND)

There were so many celebrities, theatrical and otherwise, at the first night of Rose Franken's new play that if anyone *had* thought of shying half a brick, it would have been impossible not to hit some distinguished head. In the play Edna Best has to contend against the passionate love of a nephew by marriage, and does it most charmingly. Most of those in these pictures of course need no introduction, but just by way of a reminder, the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett is a sister-in-law of Lord Esher, and Mrs. Bunny Austin is as famous on the stage and the film as her husband is in first-class lawn tennis. Miss Mary Ellis, the beautiful American actress, is our Mr. Basil Sydney's second wife. She played in "Strange Interlude" and created the name-part in "Rose Marie" in America. Mrs. Philip Carr is wearing a novel white feather theatre cap

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THE COASTING LIGHTS OF ENGLAND

THE CHRISTMAS RELIEF OF THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE

The Relief has just taken place and the Xmas stores taken in. These latter include the lighthouse-keeper's dinner for himself and his crew, and it need hardly be said that everyone will wish him and them as merry a one as their isolated position permits. In rough weather entrance to the lighthouse has to be made by cable, as landing from a boat is quite out of the question. This beautiful photographic study gives us an impression of a time when the stormy winds were not blowing and it was more or less calm. The present lighthouse was completed by Sir James Douglas in 1882 and is 133ft. high. The light has a 17½-mile radius of visibility. The first Eddystone Lighthouse—a wooden one—was built in 1696. It was destroyed by a storm and the rebuilt structure was burnt in 1755.

COTTESMORE



GETTING INTO THEIR STRIDE

Lord Blandford and Mrs. Robert Somerset going well on foot when pursuing the Cottesmore from Somerby. Hames Gorse and Peake's Covert disappointed, but a stout-hearted Punch Bowl fox provided a fast forty minutes. Orton Park also obliged, hounds running on till dusk



MRS. BERTRAM ABEL SMITH

Howard Barrett



LADY FORTESCUE AND HER DAUGHTERS

Another snapshot from Somerby. Lady Margaret and Lady Elizabeth Fortescue take it in turns to go hunting; on this occasion it was Lady Margaret, the elder daughter, who was up and doing. The field was an extra large one and the weather most pleasant

AND QUORN



MRS. W. E. LESLIE AND ANN

Everyone in Leicestershire knows Mrs. "Bill" Leslie, who was Miss Sandra Crawford before her marriage. She and her husband live at Burton Lazars, where they have an admirable view of Melton race course. Their little girl, Ann, is an exceedingly bright young person



LADY BLANDFORD IN CHARGE

Above are the Ladies Sarah and Caroline Spencer-Churchill with their mother at the Cottesmore's Somerby meet. The Duke of Marlborough's granddaughters are aged eleven and nine respectively. Leicestershire has extended a warm welcome to Mrs. Bertram Abel Smith (see left), who was Mrs. Musgrave Hall before her recent marriage to the popular squire of Cossington. She was photographed when the Quorn met at Lodge-on-the-Wolds, Lord Fairhaven's brother, Captain the Hon. Henry Broughton, being also shot sitting by the camera on the same occasion. Good sport followed



CAPTAIN THE HON. HENRY BROUGHTON

Howard Barrett

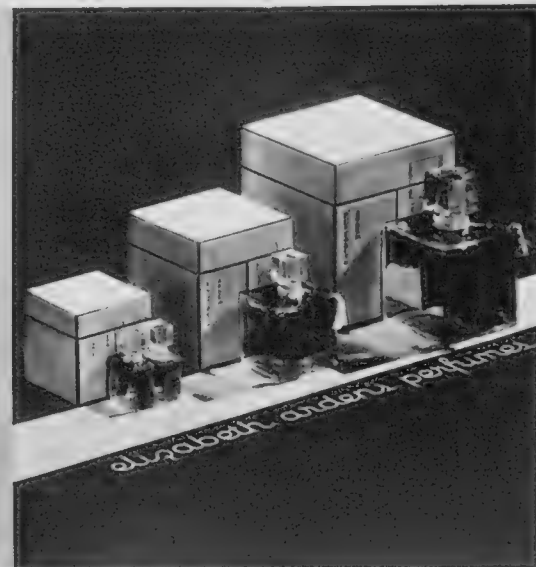
* * * a Beautiful Gesture

There is one gift that no woman has ever refused: Beauty. It is not the gift of a day, nor of a season. Beauty is forever cherished

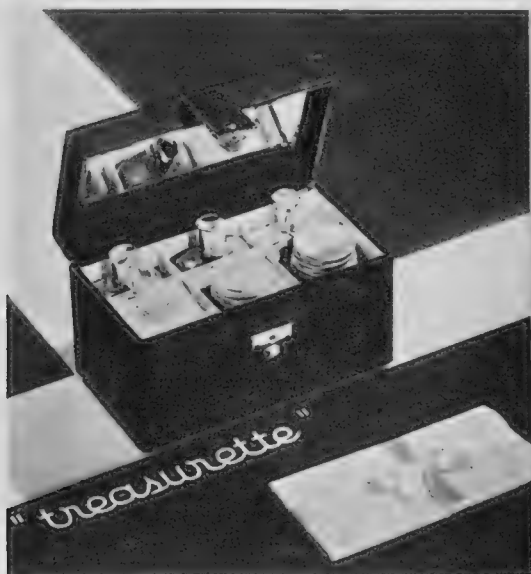
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THE VICTORIA LEAGUE BALL COMMITTEE

Lady Cambridge, Lady Dashwood and Lady Jersey, who is the chairman of this ball, which happened at the Dorchester on Dec. 13. Lady Jersey, who was formerly Miss Patricia Richards, is the youngest "chairman" ever known to preside over a big function like this, as she is only eighteen. She married Lord Jersey last January.

I HAVE only one grouse against my much-esteemed colleague Lionel Edwards's latest book, *Famous Fox-hunters* (Eyre and Spottiswoode), and that is that there is not enough of Lionel Edwards. In my quite humble

opinion, my friend is not only the best hunting-picture artist in the wide world, but also its best landscape artist, and here and now I suggest that we shall have a grievance if he does not give us a book—and a big'un, album size, done by Eyre and Spottiswoode—of landscapes. He has the colour sense, the picture sense, and the artistic sense, and, if he will forgive my putting in my oar, not the necessary literary sense to do the letter-press as well as S. P. B. Mais could. What a great combination that would be, and I insist must be! It is a great suggestion, and, what is more, a good one financially. Perhaps it may be an impertinence to claim that I know Lionel Edwards's work, both as a hunting artist and a landscape artist, quite as well as the next man, but if it is any substantiation, I can state that he has illustrated three of my own poor efforts in big books, and numerous other not so big ones, and all throughout them has been exemplified this wonderful and delicate perception of landscape. His pictures, whether of adventures "The Old Firm" has shared together with nigh upon sixty packs of hounds, have been imbued with this compelling beauty of our countryside, and if he does not do this book of landscapes I shall find it in my heart (almost) to hate him. It is a duty to his public. He has almost a Turneresque sense of colour, and a sense of composition which equals that of any artist, either living or dead. In all his hunting pictures this fact must impress itself upon all who have eyes to see and a brain to think. Of this present book, *Famous Fox-hunters*, I say again that I think it would have been even better if there had been more pictures (by Lionel Edwards) and less pen and ink. We want the artist from L. E., not the penman, and there is that old saw,

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

of course, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*! My friend disarms criticism in his foreword, in which he says that he has not tried, or intended, to include people like Hugo Meynell, Osbaldeston, and so forth, because to do so might have savoured of painting the lily and gilding the refined gold, but to make a book like this complete, and of the size it ought to have been, they should have been included. The trouble, of course, would have been to know where to stop. Foxhunting history has so many celebrities. It would mean the work of a lifetime to do the justice to all of them which is their due.

Lionel Edwards has included twenty-three characters in his book, and, as he has apologised to any other real celebrities he has left out, I do not suppose they will mind at all. It is only the people who believe that they are celebs. who will feel sore—especially one gent who has been so busy telling Masters of Hounds their business and, at the same time, trying to be funny. Because he has tried, he has not succeeded! As Lionel Edwards includes Sir Thomas Mostyn, it was inevitable, I suppose, that "Gentleman Shaw,"

Mostyn's huntsman, who subsequently went to the Belvoir, should be included. So few people who have dealt with the historical side of hunting have been able to avoid "The Gentleman," the model of Surtees' "Rich: Bragg," and as great a popinjay as that Pooh-Bah of the hunting world, Apperley, who finds his counter-part in *Handley*

Cross as "Pomponius Ego." Mostyn spoilt Shaw by giving him far too big a salary for those times, £300 p.a. plus a house, and permitting him to gallop to his fixtures on hacks, instead of going on with his hounds as all huntsmen should, and should want to do. Shaw was "Rich: Bragg" to the life, just as "Pomponius Ego" was "Nimrod" Apperley, and great as may have been the latter's "Latin" attributes, he does not impress one with the idea that he knew a foxhound from a setter or a poodle, and was only intent upon telling you about all the lords, dukes and admirals he knew, and how well he, "Pomponius Ego," could ride. Nobody cares a tinker's damn how well you can or cannot ride, and the people who can really do the trick don't talk about it. There are bundles of "Pomponius Egos" about. I know personally at least three, some in Leicestershire, and one who used to be Master of an unimportant pack, and therefore, for some quite inscrutable reason, imagines he is the cat's whiskers! So stupid!

A contrivance to "make cows sing" is, so I observe, the latest invention by the scientists. But why "invention"? Heaps of cows do it already. Anyone with or without a wireless set can test the truth of this statement any day or night of the week.

Another bit of news which rather thrills some of us is this: "Horses at the Melton Remount Depot which the Prince will ride are being schooled regularly with the meets." I do hope that this is not a misprint, and that they have not left out "and with the drinks."

(Continued on page xx)



Mrs. Albert Broom

THE NEW G.O.C. LONDON DISTRICT:
MAJOR-GEN. C. J. C. GRANT, C.B., D.S.O.

Major-General Grant, who has been appointed to succeed Major-General A. B. E. Cator, whose death out hunting was a great shock to all his friends, is a Coldstream Guard: was all through South Africa with them, badly wounded at Belmont (the Guards' own battle), and again in the Great War, in which he got seven mentions. He is a brother-in-law of Lord Rosebery, his wife having being Lady Sybil Primrose

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RAMON NOVARRO AND HELEN HAYES
IN "THE SON-DAUGHTER"

To play the part of one of the Chinese lovers in this new film, Ramon Novarro had to have his head shaved—a somewhat severe sacrifice to the artistic necessities of the situation under the circumstances, as most film fans know them. Helen Hayes' make-up as the Chinese maiden is equally good and most attractive

A SCOTTISH land-owner was giving a dinner to his tenants to celebrate his daughter's wedding. He gave instructions that a magnificent repast was to be served, and there was to be no stinting of champagne.

Two farmers were just partaking of their fifth glass of the finest champagne when one of them turned to the other and whispered: "I say, Donald, I wonder when the whusky is comin' roond. These foreign mineral waters are very lowerin'."

Two burnt-cork niggers were giving an entertainment on the sands. While one of them was telling the usual funny stories about boarding-house land-ladies, the other went among the crowd, making a collection.

He arrived in front of a stern-faced woman, who promptly snatched the tambourine from his hand and emptied its contents into her bag. Then she returned the tambourine to the astonished nigger with the remark:

"Tell your friend that I'm the landlady he forgot to pay the last time he stayed with me."

"John, dear," said the terrified wife, "don't drive so quickly round the corners. You frighten me to death."

"You don't want to get scared, my dear," replied her husband; "just do as I do—shut your eyes when we come to corners."

An American on his way to work early one morning saw a negro having a tremendous struggle with a big fish in a creek. He watched for some time, but as there was no result he went on. When he returned in the evening the battle was still progressing.

"Gee, nigger," he said, "this is some fishing of yours!"

"Boss," replied the negro, wiping his damp face, "Ah jes' can't make up ma mind whether this nigger is fishin' or this fish is niggerin'."

During the curate's first visit to the races he was met by a friend. The big race of the day had just been decided, and the acquaintance inquired:

"Well, did you spot the winner?"

"Oh, quite easily, thanks," came the guileless reply. "The jockey wore such jolly bright colours and was yards ahead, so I spotted him at once!"

A little boy, returning home after a Sunday-school class, gazed for a time at his baby brother, just one month old.

"Mummy," he said, "when will baby begin to talk?"

"I expect it will be a year or more before he can say anything," was the discouraging reply.

"Why, Mummy," said the boy in a very disappointed tone, "Job cursed the day he was born!"



IN "THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS": KATHLEEN BURKE AND RICHARD ARLEN

This Paramount film, which has not yet arrived in England, but will be shown at either the Plaza or the Carlton when it does, is founded on H. G. Wells' story, "The Island of Doctor Moreau," and it is pronounced to be a winner. Kathleen Burke, who plays the part of the Panther Woman, was chosen out of 60,000 others, and so the choice was not made exactly haphazard. She is extremely easy to look at, as will be observed

She was determined to be married, and he was equally determined to remain single.

"It's no good, my dear," he said, "I'm too hard up. Why, I couldn't even keep a mouse."

"Of course you could," was her reply. "I love the little things."

"That's rather odd," remarked the dentist. "You say this tooth has never been filled before, but I find small flakes of gold on my drill."

"I think you have come to my back collar-stud," moaned the miserable victim.



THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR

DECEMBER, 1932

16th to 31st inclusive

- | | |
|--|---|
| 16th Racing. Sandown Park Steeplechases.
Shows. Exeter Fat Stock.
Badminton. Middlesex Championships; Ealing.
Billiards. Non-stop Billiards Tourney, Thurstons.
Squash Rackets. Inter-Services Championships, Army and Navy Club. | 23rd Chess Congress (to Jan. 16), Hastings.
24th Rugby. Upper Clapton v. Saracens, Bush Hill Park. Harlequins v. Richmond, Twickenham.
Hockey. Southgate v. Richmond, Southgate, Teddington v. United Services, Bushey Park. Blackheath v. Old Felstedians, Blackheath. |
| 17th Racing. Sandown Park Steeplechases.
Hockey. Wimbledon v. Mid-Surrey, Wimbledon. Blackheath v. Brondesbury, Blackheath.
Squash Rackets. Inter-Services Championships, Army and Navy Club.
Rugby. English Trial Match, Torquay. Upper Clapton v. The Wasps, Sudbury. Richmond v. Blackheath.
Billiards. Lindrum v. Davis, Thurstons.
Assoc. Football. Huddersfield T. v. Arsenal, Huddersfield. Stoke City v. Bury, Stoke. | 25th CHRISTMAS DAY.
Swimming. Annual Swimming Race, Serpentine.
26th BOXING DAY.
Racing. Kempton Park, Wolverhampton, Sedgefield, Limerick and Leopardstown Steeplechases.
Hockey. Wimbledon v. London Scottish, Wimbledon.
Athletics. Surrey Walking Club 25 miles' walk. |
| 19th Racing. Derby Steeplechases.
Squash Rackets. Inter-Services Championships, Army and Navy Club. | 27th Racing. Kempton Park, Wolverhampton, Sedgefield, Limerick and Leopardstown Steeplechases.
Rugby. Upper Clapton v. Old Edwardians, Birmingham.
Motor Cycling. M.C.C. London-Exeter and back. |
| 20th Racing. Derby Steeplechases.
Squash Rackets. Inter-Services Championships, Army and Navy Club. | 28th Racing. Cheltenham Steeplechases.
29th Racing. Cheltenham Steeplechases.
30th Racing. Newbury Steeplechases.
Cricket. Test Match, England v. Australia, Melbourne. |
| 21st Racing. Derby Steeplechases.
Hockey. Blackheath v. United Hospitals. | 31st NEW YEAR'S EVE.
Racing. Newbury Steeplechases. |
| 22nd WINTER COMMENCES. | |

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"



CAMBRIDGE'S LAST TRIAL v. MR. J. E. GREENWOOD'S XV.

R. S. Crisp

The combined teams in the 'Varsity v. Greenwood's XV. in the last full-dress rehearsal which the Light Blues had before their encounter with Oxford. In this match Mr. Greenwood's side won by 20 points to 17. In the 'Varsity match Cambridge were beaten 8 points to 3. The names included in this picture are: G. W. Parker, R. T. S. Norwood, C. C. Tanner, J. H. L. Phillips, R. C. S. Dick, J. I. Rees, E. H. Allen, E. C. Mercer, L. J. Harris, W. T. Anderson, Windsor Lewis, E. B. Pope, F. W. Simpson, D. M. Marr ('Varsity Captain), M. J. E. Greenwood, J. G. Askew (Captain). In front row: P. W. P. Brook, R. B. Jones, D. Crichton-Miller, W. H. Leather, J. J. A. Embleton, W. J. Leather, C. L. Ashford, C. R. B. Birdwood, A. D. Allen, G. S. Waller, C. B. Coghlan, J. L. P. Reid, C. R. Hopwood, G. E. Delafield, F. D. G. O'Dwyer, G. V. Carey (Referee)

DEAR TATLER,

THE season is certainly getting along; the 'Varsity match and the first trial over, and the second trial to be played at Torquay on Saturday. There will be a rare gathering of the clans at the Queen of Watering-places (*vide* railway posters), for there are lots of old Internationals in the West Country who do not always get to Twickenham, but won't miss a game on their own doorstep.

Contrary to the opinion expressed in many quarters, I take the view that the Sunderland trial was quite a satisfactory one, for it showed the selectors that they had heaps of good material available. The result did not matter two hoots; the point is that the players are there, and we can trust our five wise men to make a judicious blend. One thing is certain—we need be under no fears as to the full-back; Tom Brown of Bristol, despite various illnesses and injuries, is still at the top of his form. And at Sunderland, W. Elliott, of the Royal Navy, in spite of much adverse and often unreasonable criticism this season, showed that he is a class player, probably stronger and better than he was last March. Perhaps he was capped too soon, but the selectors had very little choice as to this job last year, and his experience must have brought him on a lot. And just to be in the fashion, let me say that D. A. Kendrew has made good again, and is going to take a lot of keeping out of the side against Wales.

Talking of Wales, they seem to have their troubles. Their second trial, apart from the fact that it produced another great wing three-quarter in C. Matthews, of Bridgend, cannot have given them much satisfaction. The Possibles beat the Probables by 15 points to 10, which leads to the inevitable conclusion that some of the old hands have passed their best, and in some cases that was never very good. Welsh Rugby has been lacking in brains for some time, and on more than one occasion they have beaten themselves. Witness their defeat by the South Africans last season, and also their draw with England on their last visit to Twickenham, when they actually gave away all the eleven points which England scored.

Personally I shall not be nearly as dubious when Wales come up on Jan. 21 as I was two years ago. I have always regarded the team we put in the field that day as our worst since the revival of our Rugby years before the war. The present selectors could not make such a hash of things if they tried, and they have far better material to work with. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that we shall have a powerful side, and if Don Burland makes a good and quick recovery, the championship should be within our reach. I hear that quite recently W. G. E. Luddington, Master-at-

Arms, took his discharge from the Royal Navy. He will be remembered as one of the most useful of the famous England pack from 1923 to 1925, and has thirteen caps to his credit. Another distinction of his, one which may never be rivalled, is that he, a warrant-officer, captained the Navy against the Army, and the commissioned officers were proud to be led by him. A really genuine forward was Luddington, a terrific worker and a devastating tackler, possessed of about ten times as much physical strength as you would guess if you saw him in mufti, a mild-looking and inoffensive individual in glasses.

It was one of the sorrows of his Rugby career that he did not play for England against the All Blacks in that historic game at Twickenham. He had injured an ankle earlier in the season, and the powers that be did not care to take any risks. Perhaps they were right, but the Navy man, even if lame and crooked, would have been more use than one at least of England's forwards that day. What a fuss there was some years ago when it was feared that his eye-sight would bring about his early retirement from the Service! The naval Rugby men got busy and the danger was averted. Good luck to "Ludders" in his retirement, and I hope he will get a congenial job if he wants one.

The directors of the Richmond Athletic Ground have made no mistake in appointing a successor to Commander Longford. The new secretary is no other than our old friend Emile de Lissa, for so many years the life and soul of the famous Barbarians. He should be just the man for the job, for he has heaps of organising power and a mastery of detail which is very necessary at Richmond, with all its numerous and sometimes conflicting interests.

The Army put their first representative side of the season into the field the other day and narrowly defeated the London Scottish. It was not a very exhilarating display, and quite a few of these young gentlemen will not appear against the Navy in March. H. C. Christy, the full-back, was admirably sound, and J. A. Crawford and B. T. V. Cowey showed great speed on the wings. E. W. F. de V. Hunt, picturesquely plastered as to the nose (Accusative of Closer Definition), was the best centre playing, but he was not up to his own high standard. J. K. Cole showed better form than of late, and his daily good deed was a really brilliant cut-through. G. J. Dean was excellent at scrum-half and got through heaps of work. F. C. Jackson, of the Indian Medical Service, was amongst the best of the forwards, but he was very unlucky, being laid out once or twice before finally retiring, late in the game, with a broken collar-bone.

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YOUR
LOVE

✱

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very likely—fifty times. It's a special virtue of Dubois. Fine English woven pure silk, each one labelled 'Dubois.' ¶ If you have any difficulty in obtaining 'Dubois,' please write for name of nearest stockist.

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"Baboons, I, Mafeking, Mafeking
of the Barotse, speak to you!"

My Black Brother, Mafeking

By WYNANT DAVIS HUBBARD, F.Z.S., F.A.G.S.

"HOW old are you, Mafeking?"

"I'nkos?"

"How many Christmases have you?"

"I know not, I'nkos. My father is so young he kills elephants for Letia. I cannot eat whole grain; I have no teeth. My son has white hair. I am an old man."

As a matter of fact Mafeking was probably about forty-five years old. He was a magnificent negro, chest like a bull, small hips, straight legs. He stood about five feet ten. On his face he had spearheads tattooed in blue. Down his nose ran a straight line of navy blue. For more than a year he had been my chief hunter.

It seems longer, but it was a little over a year ago that I hired him. He had been working for a man on the next farm to mine at Tara in Northern Rhodesia. One Sunday afternoon Mafeking came down to my house with several Barotse natives and danced. I have never seen anything like it before or since. It was a pantomime. The story of an old woman left alone with a young child. As the giant negro revolved and danced it was clear even to me that the old woman was alone, that she hunted and dug roots for the child, brought them out and, after pounding them, made a gruel for the child which kept it alive. The sobbing infant quietened down. The old woman, shrivelled and worn, gazed at the fire. Then she, too, lay down. Perhaps it was the soft singing of the natives and the haunting music of the n'piras, but I could see it all. Even the little fire glowed before my eyes. Such was the dance of Mafeking, the greatest hunter I have known.

We moved to Choma in October. It was a farming community of about thirty souls, counting the women and all the children. Game is scarce and wild close in, but Mafeking averaged three duiker antelopes a week. He was so regular that we counted on his meat as on a store.

A year later I decided to make a trip into Portuguese East Africa. We were to go from Choma to Shamwa in Southern Rhodesia by rail. From there it was a 400-mile walk overland

to the Ruia River. I wanted to take some of my old natives with me as cooks, nurse-boys, trackers, and hunters. The problem was to sort out the very best. Of the sixty then working for me, perhaps a dozen were unsuited for the trip. But they all wanted to go. I could not afford to pay the railway fare for sixty natives no matter how much I liked them, so I made a proposition to them. If they wanted to go to Portuguese East with me I would take five of them with me on the railroad and would wait outside Shamwa for any others who would walk overland to join us. It was more than 1,000 miles, over mountains and through swamps and across the Zambesi. Sixteen decided to make the trip. Mafeking offered to lead them, so I gave him tobacco and salt to trade for food on the journey, a little money, passes for them all, and my best dogs, including four puppies three weeks old.

Thirty miles outside Shamwa on the Mazoe River we set up camp and prepared to wait. Three weeks passed and I began to wonder if anything had happened. Another week, and I sent boys toward the Zambesi to meet Mafeking and to tell him I was waiting. They returned without word but with bad news of the country. Starvation was rampant everywhere. The valley natives were living on wild roots and grass. The old women had been driven out of the villages to fall prey to hyenas.

I sent Mangineera into Shamwa with telegrams to all the Native Commissioners to be on the look-out for sixteen natives. I guaranteed to pay any money which might be advanced to Mafeking to help him along. Still I had no word.

Then one day a telegram came telling me that my boys had turned up in Sinoia, sixty miles away. They had been told where I was and sent on. I was jubilant. My faith had not been misplaced. They were coming. How I needed them! Natives for safari work were hard to get, and time was pressing. Soon the season of the year when water was scarce would be with us. The boys' arrival would mean that we could start. Five slow days dragged past. Then one afternoon Tickie rushed to the tent. "I'nkos, I'nkos, they are coming."

(Continued overleaf)

My Black Brother, Mafeking

(Continued from p. 475)

He did not need to tell me who. I dropped my work and rushed out. There, down the dusty lumber trail, came a line of laden natives; but they were not singing. Something was the matter. There was a droop to the shoulders and a weariness about them I never associate with my Barotse. Silently they filed into camp and stood in front of me. Tears coursed down my cheeks; I understood. Dilated eyes stared at me from shrunken and fallen cheeks. My husky boys had vanished. Instead, sixteen emaciated, trembling natives wearily slung their loads from blistered, bleeding shoulders and, without a word, turned toward the camp. There were five dogs left. Only the strongest had survived the trip; skin and bones were all that were left. Then a little crate caught my eye. I walked over. Two of the puppies! Mewing and whimpering, they cuddled against each other in a vain effort to find food and comfort. I let them out; they could not walk. I looked at the other bundles—nothing but mats. Where were all the blankets, the extra coats, the calabashes which I knew the boys had possessed?

"I'nkos, we have arrived."

It was Mafeking. What a world of weariness and patience in his voice! A lump rose in my throat. His coat no longer seemed to be bursting at the seams; what was left of it hung in ribbons on a frame gaunt with hunger. Where were those tremendous shoulders I had so often envied? His hands trembled as he played with the remnants of a sun-helmet. I spoke to him.

"I have looked for you and looked for you. It is good that you have come. I have shot a sable. There are no rations to-night. Tell the boys to take all the meat and meal they want."

"Thank you, I'nkos."

That would have been all, but I called them up in the evening and listened to Mafeking's story.

"I'nkos, it was far, it was very far. When you had gone, Bwana Stanley took away all the tobacco and salt which you had given us for food on the road. He said we were thieves; he said that we would not come to you."

"What? Bwana Stanley took all the n'pasha I gave you? What was the trouble?"

"There was no trouble, I'nkos. He said we had stolen, so he took it for his store."

"What did you do?"

"We came. At Shamaruba we killed an ox; it was one of mine, very fat. We walked and we walked. The mountains! We climbed like this (holding his arms straight in the air). From the top we saw the Zambesi. Six days we walked; then we reached the water; there was no food. All the men were in the bush looking for leaves to eat. At a village two handfuls of meal for a ten-shilling blanket."

"Did you go to Bunybunya-ama?"

"Indeed, I'nkos. It is not good there. Lions walk in the paths. Elephants walk everywhere. All the time you see elephants and buffalo. It is very hot. It is not a good place."

"How did you cross the Zambesi?"

"A boy brought us over in a dugout. Very expensive. One boy one shilling. This side no food. We walked and we walked. No food. We ate grass. For ten days we ate grass and water. Two dogs died there. All our blankets were gone. We sold them all. We arrived at Sinoia. We told the Bwana we wanted food. We worked in the stable. For one day's work we got one cup of meal."

"Did you tell the Bwana you were my boys? I beat on the wire and spoke to him. He knew that you were coming."

He told us that you were far, that it would be better to work at Sinoia. Another Bwana came and offered us a pound a month to work for him. He wanted Barotse. He told us that you would not wait for us."

"Why did you not work for him? I can only pay you ten shillings."

"I'nkos, you are our father. We have stayed a long time with you. We are your boys."

"How long did you stay at Sinoia?"

"Four suns. Then we came to Shamwa. We went to the station. The Bwana told us that you had taken a wagon and gone to the Mazoe. He did not know that you had stayed. Perhaps you had gone again."

"Why did you not go to the Native Commissioner?"

"We said perhaps he would want us to work in the mine. We spoke with the natives. One told us that Mangineera had come for the post two days before. Then we knew that you were waiting, so we came here."

"To-morrow, come back. If you have sold a blanket for meal, I will give one to replace it. If you have sold a shirt, I will give a shirt. If you have sold money, I will give money. Also to-morrow I will pay you. You have done well. You are indeed my brother."

A week later we were ready to start on our long overland journey. The Barotse had recovered some of their strength. It had been a hard spot in which to collect natives to carry. We had only some sixty odd all told. They were the riff-raff of the country. Scoundrels and loafers too bad or too well known to get work in the mines. But I knew that with the Barotse as a special guard and driving force the safari would go. The Barotse are well known for their habit of strangling men until their eyes pop out. All of my men were huge. They were devoted, and I knew that rather than see me go under they would die themselves.

It was a terrible trip. The country was stony and impossible. The natives were unfriendly. When we arrived at a village the women hid the water holes, and would sell us water only at the enormous price of a yard of calico for one pot, three-quarters full. One night we tried to best them. We located the water, but it was the cattle drinking-pool. We shared it with them. It tasted awful. It smelled worse, but when boiled up with tea we made believe and gulped it down. Food was very hard to get, and when obtainable ruinous in price. At one village I forced a woman at the point of a pistol to go into her hut and bring out the meal I needed so badly. At the Portuguese border we entered a country so wild and so little known that white men we met later would not believe we had traversed it.

The first night across the border we camped at a village at the edge of the Ruia River. During the night the crash of elephants pulling down trees resounded on all sides. A lion roared. Leopards were coughing and grunting in the reeds. It was a wonderful spot for game. So I decided to spend a day and see if we could not shoot meat to trade for meal. Our cash was giving out, our cloth had gone long ago. Mafeking went one way, I went another, and scattered over the country was every native who claimed he could handle a gun. I hunted all morning. Buffalo were numerous. I plugged after them until about one o'clock. Then the sun hit me and I collapsed. Mafeking went down to water and met five lions, but you cannot eat lion, so he did not shoot. He, too, spent all his time after buffalo. They were too cunning for him. The only man to get anything among all the eight of us was Sieve. He shot a waterbuck cow. I tried to



MISS PAMELA CARME AS SHE WILL APPEAR
AT THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL

Pamela Carme is the nom de théâtre of the Hon. Kathleen Pamela Boscawen, the only sister of the present Lord Falmouth. She made her debut on the stage in 1925. The Chelsea Arts Ball, at which Pamela Carme will wear this gorgeous attire, takes place at the Albert Hall on January 6

(Continued on p. xvi)



Specially drawn by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

Great Builders of History

Sir Christopher Wren

AMONG the Great Builders of the World none deserves a more honoured place than Sir Christopher Wren, the tercentenary of whose birth is being celebrated this year. During a long life of continued activity he designed and built St. Paul's Cathedral, fifty City churches, and countless other edifices in all parts of the country.

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P 88f.

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PETROL VAPOUR : W. G. ASTON

By

Deep Considerations.

AT the time of writing, which is necessarily more than just a few hours before publication, the fuel outlook is not particularly pleasing. The rumour that best spirit is to go up 1d. a gallon, and commercial 2d., is most probably a *fait accompli* by now; but in any event it could hardly be called unexpected, having been "adumbrated," as the politicians would say, some little time ago. The wonder is that so unilateral a thing could be implemented so quickly, but there it is. We shall have to put up with worse before we are finished. Next the jolly old Persians, true to their traditions, have repudiated their contract with the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, which is responsible for a great deal of Britain's heavy and light fuel supplies. But I have an idea that this cock won't fight. Finally, these happenings have brought me an enormous dollop of almost illegible writing from a johnnie who has both eyes well glued upon his motoring ways and means. He wants to know, as far as I can make out, whether I can recommend him to a cheap and reliable paraffin carburettor, whether it would pay him to have gas tanks fitted to his car *à la* the Chesterfield experimental omnibus, or whether it would be best to wait for the hydrogenation of coal to be put on a practical basis? If none of these things eventuate soon, he hints, he will just about have to give up motoring altogether, and that will, perhaps, remind His Majesty's Government and the Oil Kings with whom (according to him) they are clearly in league that they cannot indefinitely continue to muck about with an important business. Of course, I have told him to wait, with what patience he can summon, for hydrogenation.

All About it.

And really that may not be so far off as many people seem to think. Of course, the process ought to be in full-scale working order this very day, rendering us self-supporting in naval and transport fuel and giving employment to hundreds of thousands of colliers, but if we have been gifted with foresight we have lacked the pluck to act upon it, so that it is only now that we are being squeezed from several directions that we realize what we ought to have done years ago. I find that there is quite an appalling amount of misunderstanding about this hydrogenation bizniz, and as we shall have quite a lot to do with it in the near future I had better tell you all about it—avoiding, naturally, the deeper technicalities. You see, you first of all take an enormous quantity of coal. This you gently but firmly push through the rollers of a biggish sort of mangle, afterwards hitting the product with innumerable

hammers. This reduces the coal to dust or, as the technicians cleverly say, pulverizes it. It is now so fine that a puff of wind would blow it away, so you hurriedly put it into a huge retort known as the Retort Courteous—from the name of its makers. Underneath this apparatus you light a fire (coal being plentiful and handy) and by and by the coal dust begins to give off a lot of smells and gas. These, in the interests of public health, you at once bottle for future use. Some of the worst of the smells will ultimately be solidified and used by farmers. I am not absolutely certain what happens next, but I believe some official encourages more gas to come out of the retort by turning a hose-pipe into it. Then—this is the tricky part—the new lot of gas is collected and compressed and shoved back into the retort under perfectly enormous pressure. Then all sorts of wonderful things happen, only you can't see them and follow them (if you understand what I mean), because they are all hidden inside miles of pipes and comic washers and amusing dehydrators, etc., etc. But at the end of all the numerous processes the, er, whadyermaycallit, trickles to the further side of the hydrogenation plant where a man turns one tap, and out comes thick oil, and another tap and out comes petrol good enough

for a lighter, just exactly like the "magic kettle" act. Then, if you are sufficiently interested, you go back to the big retort and you find that all the coal has utterly Gorn—why there isn't a bit of coke as big as a horse chestnut. I am sorry I cannot reproduce a diagram I had prepared to illustrate this description, but the latter is so lucid that it hardly needs embellishment. Well, you see what is happening, and it really is not without its humour. Obviously, all sensible Britons want to see hydrogenation properly started up and developed, but the process can't, apparently, pay for itself until natural petrol costs, without tax, about eighteenpence a gallon. Meanwhile, if the State endows the scheme it would only mean more money out of the afflicted tax-payers' pockets. What is to be done about it is, therefore, rather a nasty little question. Nevertheless, something will have to be done, if only to prevent my anxious correspondent from disposing of his car.

Sweet and Lusty.

I have long—well, some months—been looking forward to assaying the metal of the 1933 Standard Big Twelve. Duly put in the crucible, and tested seven times in the fire, it demonstrated a remarkable purity. In other words, this is a very fine motor car indeed, one in which it is hard to find a fault no matter how diligently you look for it. Actually it was not quite so quick in maximum speed as I had expected, but my belief is that the engine never got hot enough to develop its full power, for it was a biting cold day, and the cooling system, fan and all, was in commission. But that is of small importance beside the fact that it is so deliciously easy to get a vigorous pick-up and,

(Continued on p. xviii)



THE "A.A.":
MAJOR STENSON COOKE

Quite apart from having the distinction of being the Amateur Foils Champion in 1928, Major Stenson Cooke has put up a score for the Automobile Association which takes a bit of beating. When he became the first secretary of the "A.A." in 1905 the membership was under one hundred. To-day it is over 400,000. When war broke out Mr. Stenson Cooke, as he then was, joined the 8th Essex Regiment with a large contingent of the A.A. staff, and he eventually became Controller of Supplies, Ministry of National Service

demonstrated a remarkable purity. In other words, this is a very fine motor car indeed, one in which it is hard to find a fault no matter how diligently you look for it. Actually it was not quite so quick in maximum speed as I had expected, but my belief is that the engine never got hot enough to develop its full power, for it was a biting cold day, and the cooling system, fan and all, was in commission. But that is of small importance beside the fact that it is so deliciously easy to get a vigorous pick-up and,

PEOPLE WE DO NOT CATER FOR



The Starting Handle Enthusiast

He doesn't realise that Winter Shell petrol
is specially blended for quick-starting in
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You can be
sure of Shell

THERE have been a good many subterranean growls lately on the subject of caddies. It is a stipulation of the Ladies' Golf Union that nobody should be carried for by a professional in either the Open or English Championships, and that they shall not bring their own caddy with them; the intention, of course, being that players shall take their chance of the local caddies and not have the advantage of somebody who knows their own game intimately, who will never offer a No. 3 when a spade mashie is sufficient, nor present to you an iron when you know full well that nothing less than a spoon can get you there. But actually this regulation is broken a great many times in spirit though not in letter, because there are any number of travelling caddies who turn up at championships and do, by hook or by crook, carry for a player whose game they know inside out. She has not technically "brought him," but engaged him with perfect regularity through the caddy-master, but in actual fact she is just as well off (except in the matter of a few pounds, shillings, and pence) as if she had brought him. There is rather a feeling that something will have to be done about it by the L.G.U.

There is another way in which the thing works unfairly: the players most likely to win championships are those who play in a good many open meetings. These are known by the travelling caddies who secure the job of carrying for them in championships, and so local talent, hoping for the substantial tip which is sure to go to the caddy of the champion, comes off with one of the poor outsiders who



"Some of them are extraordinarily good," says Miss Helme on the question of caddies in this week's article. Here are three smiling Scottish ones—Gullane variety

EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

have no chance. That is the sort of thing which disgusts a local club, who would, naturally, like to see the championship which they have housed benefiting their own people and not strangers. If the L.G.U. have the strength of mind to be firm in putting a stop to this sort of thing, it really looks as if golf in the long run would be all the better for it.

Caddies will always be with us. Some of them are extraordinarily good, not very many of them really bad, and the player who is perpetually at loggerheads with her caddy is generally more than a little to blame herself. After all, it is quite ridiculous the reliance we put on these carriers of clubs, and the way we allow them to choose which we shall take and what kind of shot we shall play. If we do not know enough about the game to choose for ourselves, how is a lad, who may quite possibly never even have played the game himself, to choose for us? The thing is absurd. Yet we allow him to choose, and if the choice is wrong find him an excellent whipping post instead of blaming ourselves for being too lazy or too weak to make our own decision, and the amazing thing is the way the caddies take it. One in the English Championship at Ashdown was heard to say, "I lost her that hole, I giv her the spoon instead of the iron, and we went right over."

The ladies are not alone in this pernicious habit. After somebody had been rather badly beaten in one of the minor championships this summer, it was stated in the Press that it was owing to his caddy having failed to turn up in time. The player in consequence, according to the paper, had taken the wrong line at the first hole, grossly over-clubbed at the second, and

so forth and so on. Now that appeared to me really ridiculous. The player must have had a practice round before starting off in a championship, and if his own judgment did not tell him whether a shot was a No. 3 rather than a No. 1 (I quote from memory, but I think that was the difference in the clubs), then he had no business to expect to get through a round, and still less to put all the blame upon the late arrival of his caddy.

Golfers who, from horrible motives of economy, have to carry their own clubs just now are going to reap a big reward in knowing far more about the game, particularly their own game, than those who rely always on the word of a trusty henchman. Nobody would dare to give it, because it would alienate the caddies and be hard on those who need their earnings, but it would be excellent if every open meeting could have a prize for the best score returned by anybody carrying his own clubs. It would be splendid, for example, if every competitor in the Girls' Championship had to be her own caddy. Most of them, let us hope, are well accustomed to carrying their own in the ordinary run of events, and it would be a much greater test to their relative form if they still had to rely on their own judgment instead of being taken in tow, some more than others, by determined caddies.

Possibly some anxious mother or some tiresome medical authority would step in and say that a weight over one shoulder must be bad for a growing girl. I can only suggest that such competent authority might ordain that the dear darling might carry her bag alternately over right and left shoulders, or I might point to some of the healthy, straight-backed, level shouldered young women who did carry their own clubs as a matter of course, until they emerged into the ranks of grown-up golf, and sometimes longer. But probably they would not listen.

What everybody does listen to is anything so sensational as three members of one club doing a hole in one at that club within five weeks of each other—all different holes! Langley Park, Beckenham, is the club in question, and there Mrs. Ayscough has holed the eighth, Mrs. Manvell the eighteenth, and Miss Marriage the fourth. Hearty congratulations to them all.

Another item worth hearing is that Mr. J. H. Taylor, most famous of professionals, is going to auction "an article of outstanding interest to all golfers" at the Golf Ball at Grosvenor House on Thursday, December 15.

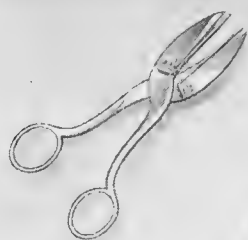
All sorts of prizes have now been announced for that cheery evening, ranging from a matched set of F. H. Ayres' Eurythmic iron clubs to a Macdonald permanent wave, a day's dry-fly fishing on the Test, lunch for two at the Savoy, or almost anything else you like to imagine. A great ball this is bound to be. Tickets £1 1s., from Miss Diana Fishwick, at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, or Mrs. Elphick, 118, Harley Street, W.1.



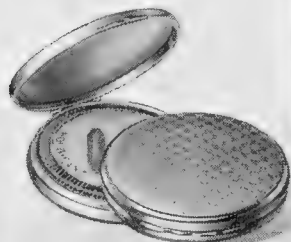
Miss Enid Wilson with "Muffin," who escorts her almost daily on her walks abroad, though he actually owns another missus. Miss Wilson is one of the many famous golfers who will be attending the Golf Ball at Grosvenor House to-morrow (Thursday) night

MAPPIN & WEBB Ltd

A Catalogue of Gifts will be gladly sent upon request.



G 2234: Sheffield Steel Chromium-plated Flower Gatherer. Cuts and holds flowers without damaging stem
£0.6.6



F 1254: Sterling Silver and Enamel Vanity Case for Loose Powder or Compact £1.5.0



L 1972: Walnut Grain Hide Case, fitted with pair of Ebony Hair Brushes, Comb, Sheffield Steel Scissors and Nail File £2.10.0



N 2530: English Cut-glass Scent Spray. Engine-turned Sterling Silver Mount £1.3.6

N 2529: English Cut-glass Powder Bowl, 4½ in. diam. Sterling Silver Mount £1.15.0

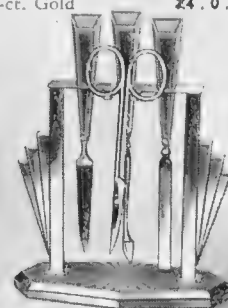


G 2237: Fine Crocodile Folding Bank Note Case with Sterling Silver Corners £1.1.0

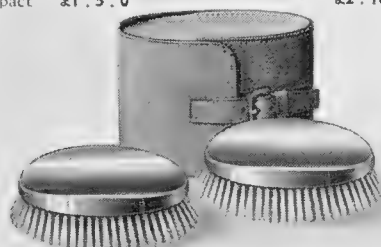
G 2238: Crocodile Wallet and Bank Note Case. Sterling Silver Corners £1.1.0



G 2232: Pocket Knife with Stainless Steel Blades & File. Sterling Silver 9-ct. Gold £1.1.0 £4.0.0



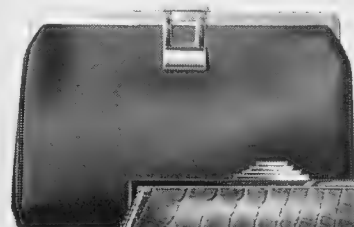
F 1257: Sterling Silver and Enamel Manicure Stand £3.10.0



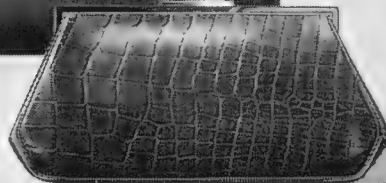
G 2180: Pair of Ivory Hair Brushes in Hide Case £3.10.0
N 2467: With Sterling Silver Brushes. Plain £3.0.0
Engine-turned £3.15.0



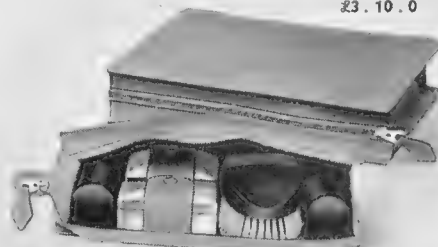
N 2528: Cut-glass Scent Spray. Engine-turned Sterling Silver Mount £0.10.6
Enamel and Sterling Silver Mount £0.12.6



G 2223



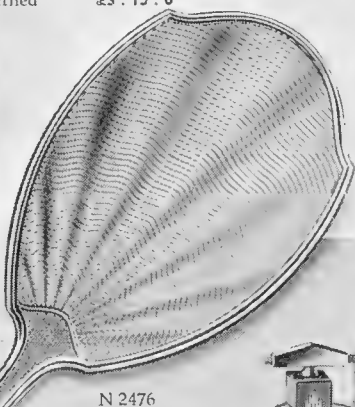
G 2225



L 1918: Flat Pigskin Dressing Case with "Zip" Fastening. Lined Waterproof Silk, fitted with Ebony Brushes, 10½ in. x 7 in. £2.17.6
13½ in. x 7 in. (2 Hair Brushes) £3.15.0



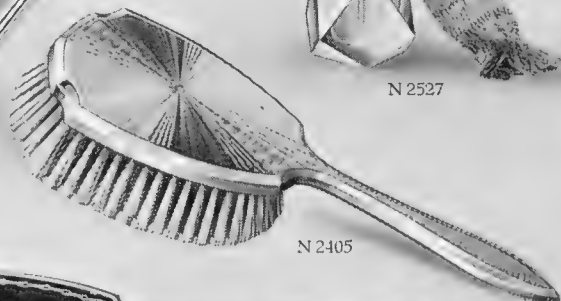
G 2243: Sheffield Steel Library Scissors and Paper Knife in Leather Sheath. Various Colours. Gilt Handle £1.10.0



N 2476



N 2527



N 2405



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N 2476: Sterling Silver and Fine Enamel Dressing Table Service. (6 pieces). Special Value £12.10.0

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C 588: 8-day English Lever Chromium Timepiece. Height 6½ in. £7.10.0

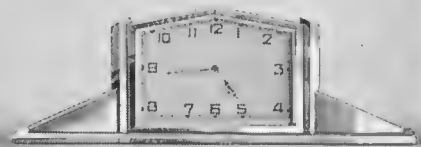
C 589: 8-day Lever Chromium Timepiece. Height 3½ in. £4.4.0

C 586: 8-day Chromium Timepiece, with luminous dial. Green Onyx base, etc. Height 3½ in. £4.5.0

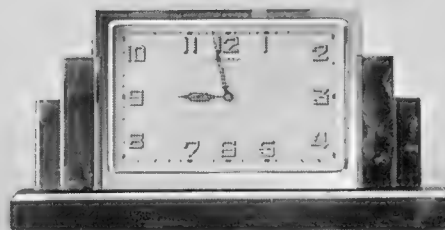
C 580: 8-day Chromium Timepiece, strut at back, luminous dial. Height 4 in. £2.10.0



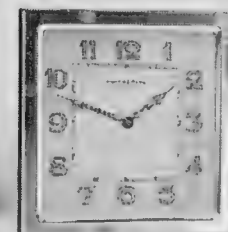
C 588



C 589



C 586



C 580

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£70.Diamonds
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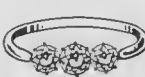
Diamonds £18.18.0.

Sapphire & Diamonds
£65.Diamond
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£50.Diamonds
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Diamonds £55.Emerald and
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At Benson's there is an immense selection of rings designed in accord with the latest styles and set with first quality gems by expert craftsmen whose fine workmanship is eloquent of their skill.

And every ring from Benson's is priced at a figure which shows the advantage of dealing with one of the largest jewellery houses in Europe which can often buy upon specially advantageous terms, the benefit of which is passed to customers.

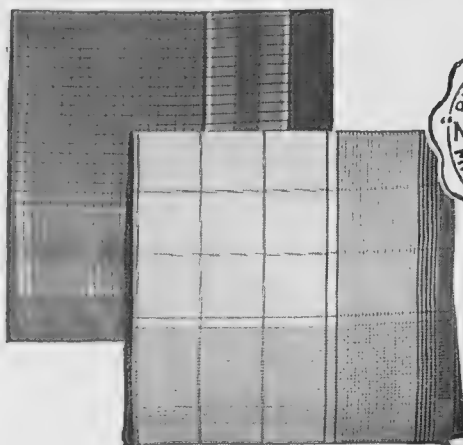
★ Payment for anything selected from Benson's stocks of rings, pocket and wristlet watches, chains, jewellery, clocks and electric clocks, plate, etc., can be spread over a period to suit customers' convenience. The cash price only is paid, no interest being charged for credit facilities. *Inquiries are invited.*

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The brand name "Macleboil" on silk handkerchiefs, scarves and "Crepolis", silk piece goods is your guarantee of pure silk, finest Macclesfield make, boiling colours and finest obtainable style, quality and value.

The vivid modern colours—all guaranteed fast to boiling—the unique designs and the beautiful quality of "Macleboil" handkerchiefs make them irresistible. See the new range.

Scarves from 5/11 each. Handkerchiefs from 1/- and 1/6. Men's Handkerchiefs from 2/6. Shops everywhere sell them.

"MACCLEBOIL"

PURE SILK HANDKERCHIEFS

Sole Manufacturers: David Whitfield & Co. Ltd., Macclesfield



— YOUR THROAT

Allenburys

Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants.

Your Chemist stocks them.

In tins - 2 oz. 8d., 4 oz. 1/3



ADVISE

Christmas

GIFTS

by

"M. E. BROOKE

This breakfast jacket. It is of pink broché velvet trimmed with swansdown; at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

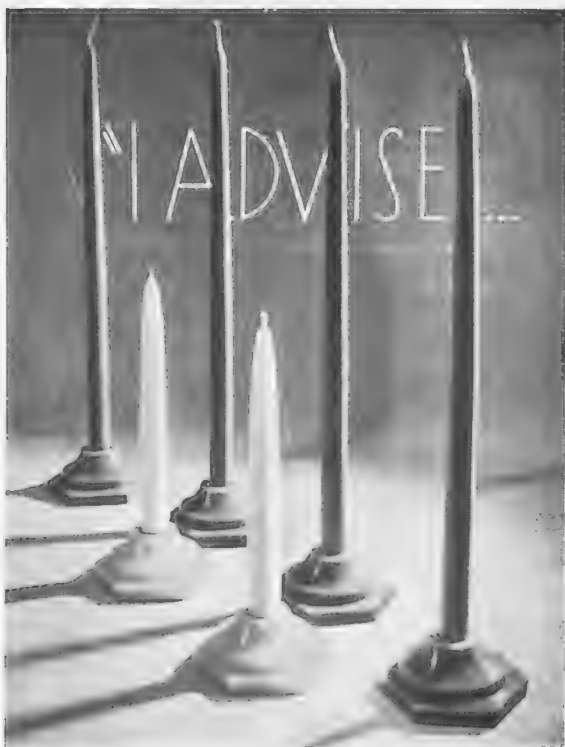
THERE are many pleasant things to do during the coming weeks, including buying Christmas gifts.

In a few days' time the children home from school will assist in the quest for something that is different, and will search the pages of "The Tatler" for novelties, and, of course, they will find them recorded. It is hoped and believed that everyone will spend generously, nay, lavishly, and at the same time thoughtfully in order that the offerings chosen may fill a niche that has long been vacant and give pleasure to the recipient. Naturally, boys and girls of all ages must be taken to Selfridge's, where Father Christmas will welcome them and take them a trip in an aeroplane. At Peter Robinson's another Father Christmas is waiting to greet them, and on a magic carpet brings to life the Arabian Nights stories. The Old Elizabethan Market at Dickins and Jones is too fascinating for words; when wandering down the old world streets the little people will think themselves in the fairyland of their dreams

A gift from Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street. A novelty is the bag in shaded feathers; the model above is of lace and the third is of shagreen

A "Beauty Book Coffret" from Morny's of Regent Street, accompanied by a bottle of perfume. Sure of an enthusiastic welcome are "June Roses," "Pink Lilac," or perfume





Nell Gwynn candles as they are never out of place in either a modern or antique setting. A small gift box (two 8-in. candles and bases to match) costs 2s. 6d. and the large ones (four 14-in. candles and bases to match) are really only 5s.

THOUGHTFUL GIFTS



Charles Heidsieck's extra dry champagne, as there is something about it that is particularly festive; indeed, some people are of opinion that Christmas and champagne are just synonymous terms



Martell's Cognac Brandy. It is with justice labelled indispensable. Furthermore it is a gift that is always highly appreciated, no matter the season of the year



Several baby stone jugs of Apollinaris. They have recently made their debut and have been accorded the warmest of welcomes. Orders for the same must be placed immediately



A Pesco jumper, as they are made of pure wool and are available in a variety of colour schemes. They are obtainable from all outfitters and stores of prestige

For sufferers from rheumatism Dr. Blakoe's wristlet. It consists of curative metal pieces which actually draw the uric acid out of the body. There are also spinal-ettes and anklets



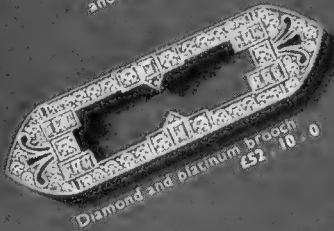
BY APPOINTMENT



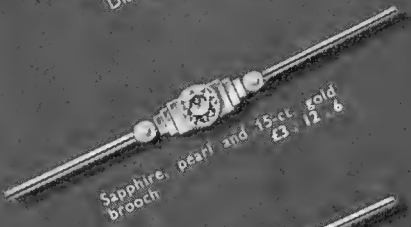
TO H.M. THE KING



Aquamarine, diamond, platinum and 18-ct. white gold brooch £8. 10. 0



Diamond and platinum brooch £52. 10. 0

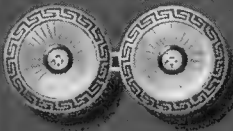
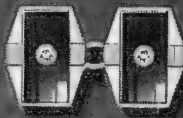


Sapphire, pearl and 15-ct. gold brooch £3. 12. 6



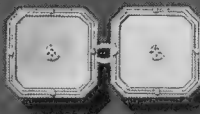
Sapphire, diamond, platinum and 18-ct. white gold brooch £9. 0. 0

Black onyx, diamond, platinum and 18-ct. gold links, per pair £11. 10. 0



Crystal diamond, enamel and 18-ct. white gold links, per pair £12. 10. 0
4 buttons £12. 10. 0
2 studs £6. 5. 0

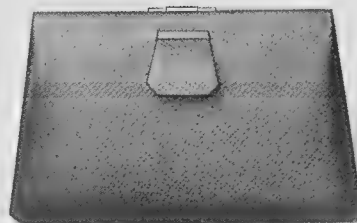
Mother of pearl, diamond, platinum and 18-ct. gold links, per pair £6. 10. 0
4 buttons £6. 10. 0
2 studs £3. 0. 0



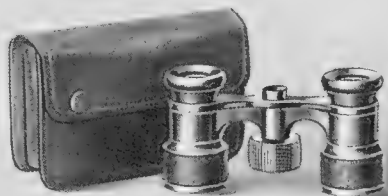
Sterling Silver Key Chain with patent secure key-ring 16. 6
9-carat gold £4. 10. 0



Sterling Silver engine-turned pencil case, with drop-out cedar pencil 10. 6
9-carat gold £2. 2. 0
18-carat gold £4. 1. 6



The new 'basket' grain morocco pochette, lined moiré silk, with fixed purse, fitted loose Treasury Note Case and mirror. Length 8 inches £2. 8. 6
Polished Crocodile - - - £5. 0. 0



Pair opera glasses, enamelled aluminium and leather covered, in leather case £1. 17. 6



Regent Plate Syphon holder with pierced bands £1. 1. 0



Seat stick of hardwood, aluminium fittings, and pigskin covered handle 17. 6



Sterling Silver and enamel cigarette case - £2. 2. 0
Sterling Silver and enamel vanity case - - - 14. 6
Velvet-lined case - - - 11. 0
Various colours. Complete £3. 7. 6



All Platinum set fine Diamonds £220. 0. 0



9-carat Gold £7. 10. 0



9-carat Gold £12. 10. 0
10-carat Gold £16. 10. 0

There is always at The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company something a little more attractive in style and a little more exquisite in quality at a surprisingly moderate price. An illustrated brochure will be gladly sent on request

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Something that is sponsored by Worth, of Paris and London. There are perfumes and powders in artistic containers that are sure to please those who love beauty



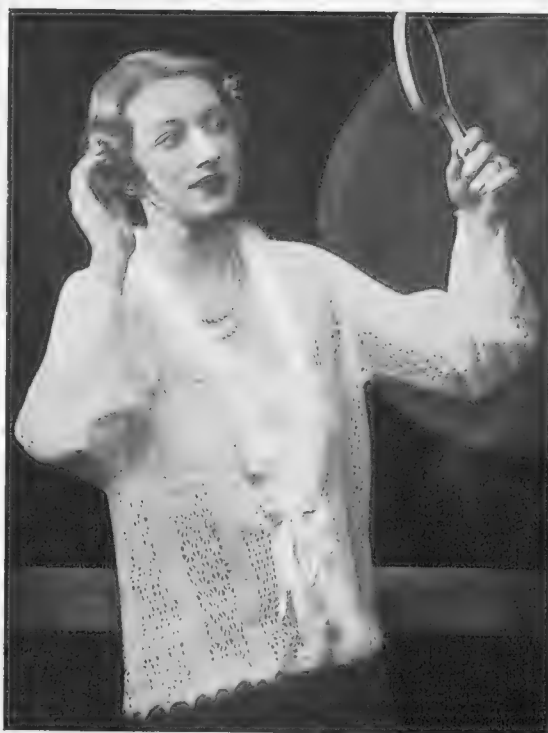
That the Larola trio be given to women who value their complexion. Larola cares for the skin and keeps it healthy, while the rouge and powder increase its beauty in a thoroughly natural manner



Appealing Gifts



A note should be made of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Luxuria, as it beautifies as well as cleanses the skin. It cleverly and subtly persuades the pores to cast off the dirt they collect every day



This all wool Shetland breakfast jacket from Heelas, Broad Street, Reading. It is made in a variety of shades and trimmed with swansdown and ribbon. It is 15 s. 9 d.

A box of John Dew's milk soap. Its creamy lather is as gentle as a caress to the most fragile complexion; its fragrance, delicate and evanescent, retreats before the individuality of the user's own perfume: really a great advantage

SPECIAL
SHOW
OF NEW
EVENING AND
AFTERNOON
DRESSES
FOR CRUISING
EGYPT AND
THE SOUTH

ALSO
SPORTS WEAR
HATS
AND
TRAVELLING COATS



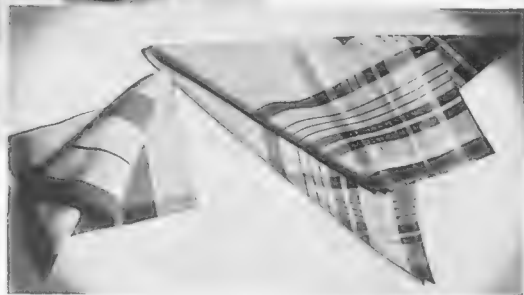
In Pastel shades of "Crepe Coquille" 8½ Gns.
And in "Mat Velvet," Brown, Orange and Scarlet, 10½ Gns.

Margaret Marks
LTD
of KNIGHTSBRIDGE

|| ADVISE



That the Christmas gift problem be solved with Duboil handkerchiefs or scarves. They are sold practically everywhere and are entirely British. They are of pure silk in delightful colour schemes



That the season's greetings be expressed in jewellery from J. W. Benson, Ludgate Hill and 25, Old Bond Street. To them must be given the credit of the perfectly lovely diamond and sapphire ring, diamond ring, and wrist watch pictured

fashion



The Braemar lambs-wool waistcoat illustrated with contrasting facings and scarf woven on hand loom from pure cashmere. Innes Henderson, Axtell House, Warwick Street, W., will send the name and address of the nearest agent



A coat from Wetherall's, 92, Regent Street, W.1. The one pictured with the large chromium buttons is grey and oph shades; in a new wool fabric it is 6½ guineas

gifts ||

This knitted Dorville muff with lightning fastener which conceals a pocket, and hood with miniature cape which may be arranged in a variety of ways. It may be seen at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore St., W.



Pictures by Blake



"I wish I knew how to bring my husband to heel."

"Perfectly simple, my dear. Just walk ahead of him in a pair of Kayser stockings."

KAYSER

Pure silk, exquisitely fine and clear. Tailored from knee to ankle, fitting like your own skin. Sinfully attractive with a saint-like power for wear. From only 4/11. Kayser Sansheen,* with the seductive dull finish, from 6/11. Made throughout in Canada.

*Trade Mark applied for

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I ADVISE



A Ford's Patent Pen, as it is a self-filling automatic safety pen. It cannot possibly leak, has a unique method of filling, and there is no rubber sac



A Cerebos salt sprinkler and salt pourer, as Christmas fare loses half its flavour if just the amount of this pure salt be not used to suit the taste of the individual

ORIGINAL



For a woman the Duchess Safety Razor. It is 3s. 6d. complete with blade in suede case. It is hygienic, safe, and economical. One cutting edge is double curved for shaving the under-arm; this is an advantage



A Pentecrème, the home cream maker, as it instantly makes pure rich thick cream. Further details regarding prices, etc., may be obtained from Pentasales, 6, Jewry Street, E.C.



A Royal Doulton figure from Hamptons, Pall Mall, S.W.1, some of which are illustrated on the left. There is a variety of other things suitable for Yuletide offerings, including lamp shades, etc.



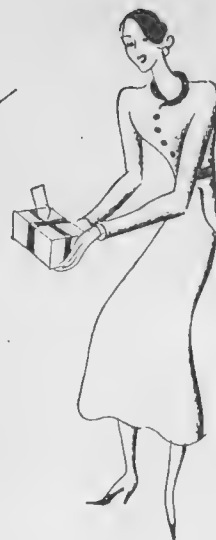
The new Minty Club Chair, Isis. It combines the best qualities of the Minty Chair, which is world-famous, with restrained modern design. It is made in three lengths of seat. Its G.H.O. is Mintys, 44, High St., Oxford

viii

Pictures by Blake

There is a subtle
compliment in this

Gift



Women are difficult—there's no getting away from *that*! And when it comes to choosing them Christmas presents it's almost impossible to know what they really would like... *almost*—but not *quite* impossible! There's one thing that no woman can resist—that is a compliment... and there is no more subtle or graceful way of telling a beautiful woman you admire her lovely hands than by giving her a Cutex Manicure Set.

There are 5 Cutex de Luxe Sets for you to choose from—each of these attractive Sets contains generous quantities of Cutex Liquid Polish and Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, and also Nail White, Emery Board, Orange Sticks, Steel File, etc., in various sizes, according to price.



give
Cutex

**Manicure Sets
for Christmas**

BOUDOIR SET for milady's dressing table - - - - - 15/-
MARQUISE SET in bakelite stand 12/6
TRAVELLING SET in exquisite Rose and Gold case - - - - - 7/6
FIVE-MINUTE SET in attractive metal box - - - - - 5/-
COMPACT SET—everything you need for lovely nails - - - - - 2/6

CIRO GEMS OF GREAT BEAUTY

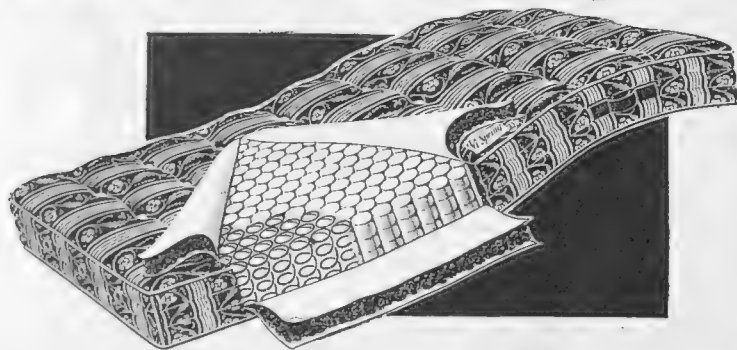
"In form and feature, face
and limb
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for
him
And each for one another"

A gift of **Ciro** jewels eloquently conveys the season's greetings; furthermore, it is a flattering gift, and its cost is no strain even on a slender purse. A visit to the **Ciro Salons**, 178, Regent Street, W.1, will convince everyone that the designs are modern and exquisite, and that it is impossible to differentiate the types themselves from their prototypes except in the laboratory when they are submitted to tests by experts. The "Song of the Jewel" is the name of the new catalogue; it will be sent gratis

Pictures by Blake

HAPPY THOUGHT CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Luxurious & serviceable presents that ensure nights of better rest

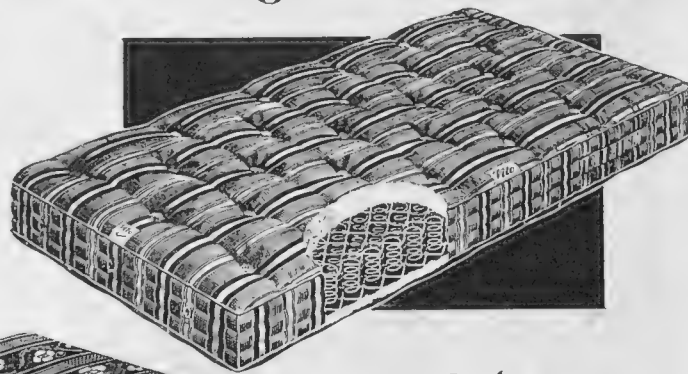


The 'Vi-Spring' Overlay Mattress

What better gift this Christmas than one that bestows the blessings of sound, health-promoting sleep?

Such is your gift when you give a 'Vi-Spring' Overlay Mattress. Full of soft, resilient springs, the 'Vi-Spring' imparts a sense of luxurious comfort that quickly induces sound, refreshing sleep. Hand-made throughout, the 'Vi-Spring' is built with a sturdiness which makes its service as gratifying as its comfort. The use of this famous overlay mattress in conjunction with the 'Vibase' Mattress Support ensures a standard of bed comfort that has never been equalled.

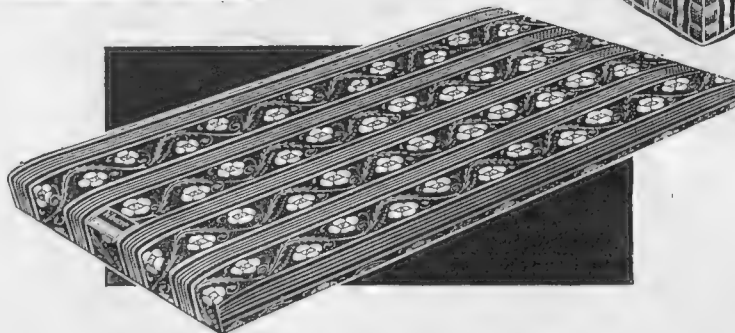
Beautifully illustrated catalogue sent post free, on request to Sole Manufacturers—



The 'Vito' Overlay Mattress

Those requiring a lower priced mattress than the 'Vi-Spring' should see the 'Vito,' a really comfortable overlay mattress, thoroughly reliable in service yet extremely moderate in price. Its spring centre, placed between two generous layers of soft upholstery, consists of hundreds of small springs, not in pockets. The unique shape and assemblage of these springs ensure for the 'Vito' a strength and resiliency that make it pre-eminent for lasting comfort and hard service. Ask to see the 'Vito-Vibase' Combination.

Sold by all reliable house furnishers.



The 'VIBASE' MATTRESS SUPPORT

The 'Vibase' is the ideal support for the 'Vi-Spring' or 'Vito' Overlay Mattresses. Its close, even surface, maintained with 'Vito' springs, affords a base which enables the small springs in the overlay mattress to give their fullest resiliency and prevents any possibility of sagging. Fully upholstered and covered in tickings to correspond with the 'Vi-Spring' or 'Vito' Mattresses, it is equal in efficiency and durability to the costly Box Springs, yet sells at practically the same price as the inefficient open spring supports.

Vi-Spring Products Ltd. 41 Vi-Spring Works, Victoria Road, Willesden Junction, London, N.W. 10

For Friendship's Sake – a gift of genuine quality

The luxury of giving can still be a simple pleasure—it calls for little more than an expression of good will in a sincere and truly genuine form. Few things can convey the essentials of friendship more aptly than "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne. This delightful and world-renowned toiletry, its quality unaltered throughout nearly

a century and a half, possesses those particular virtues which add dignity to your gift. For Christmas presents "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne is attractively packed in various sizes, each of which bears the distinctive label of Blue and Gold.



"4711"

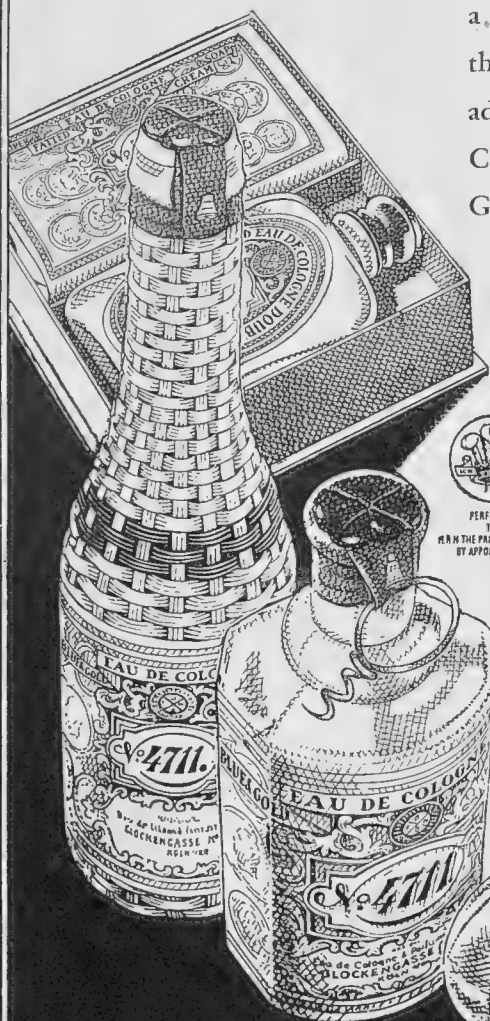
Tosca Eau de Cologne

For those who enjoy a perfumed Cologne there is "4711" Tosca Eau de Cologne, a happy union of the refreshment of "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne and the refinement of "4711" Tosca Perfume. "4711" Tosca Eau de Cologne combines the enchanting fragrance of the one with the bracing coolness of the other.

Prices:—Handbag Shape 2/6. (Trial Size 1/3)
Upright Bottle 5/6, 8/6 and 16/6.

Then there is "4711" Tosca Perfume
In attractive Blue and Gold Case 12/6. Half Size 6/6. De Luxe model
in square cut bottle with gilt cap 12/6. Other sizes 2/6 and 5/6.

As delightful, too, are the other Tosca Beauty Aids—the "4711"
Tosca Cream, Powders, Soap, Bath Salts and Brilliantine
which all discriminating women will approve.



"4711"

Genuine Eau de Cologne
The original half size bottle

Price 4/9

Full Size Bottle Price 8/9.

"4711"

Genuine Eau de Cologne
In small 'watch shape' bottle for
the Handbag - - Price 2/6.
Double Size - - Price 4/9.

"4711"

Presentation Cases
Containing "4711" Genuine Eau
de Cologne and "4711" Toiletries
Prices from 3/3 to 27/6.

"4711"

Genuine Eau de Cologne
In wicker covered bottles
Prices 7/6, 14/6, 27/6 and 52/6.

Nº 4711. Genuine Eau de Cologne

BLUE & GOLD LABEL

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Next Spring.

Some time in March Mr. John Wallace Robertson, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Robertson of Pickhurst, Chiddingfold, Surrey, is marrying Miss Helen Milne Home of Wedderburn, the



MISS HÖRLIN

Who is engaged to Mr. J. A. Boyle, the second son of Sir Alexander Boyle, K.C.M.G., C.B.E., late Governor of Nigeria, and Lady Boyle. Miss Hörlin is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hörlin of Stockholm, Sweden

eldest daughter of the late Colonel Milne Home of Wedderburn, and of Mrs. Milne Home of Paxton House, Berwick-on-Tweed; the Rev. Guy Harrison Stevens, Chaplain at Woodbridge School, Suffolk, the only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Stevens of Church Stretton, is marrying Miss Dorothea Maisey, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Maisey of Randfontein, South Africa, and the wedding will take place on Easter Tuesday.

This Month.

To-morrow (15th) Mr. Robin Johnston, the Durham Light Infantry, and Miss Stobart are being married at St. Cuthbert's Church, Crook; on the 22nd Mr. Richard Lewis Leith is marrying Miss Maureen Macniven at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh; the 28th is the date fixed for the marriage of Mr. A. T. Denning and Miss Mary Harvey, which is to be at All Saints', Fawley; and on the same day Mr. Eric G. Lytton Anderson, A.M.Inst.C.E.,

and Miss Mary Stuart, Lavistown House, Co. Kilkenny, are being married at Stradbally Church, Queen's County.

Recent Engagements.

Major Claude Abbott, M.C. (late R.F.A.), of Bradley Court, Mitcheldean, Glos., the second son of Mr. R. T. G. Abbott of Whitley House, Malton, Yorks, and Miss Honor Elizabeth Birley-Clarke, the youngest daughter of the late Mr. R. W. Birley-Clarke and Mrs. Birley-Clarke of St. Malo, Esher, Surrey; Mr. Geoffrey Grabham Drewe, Indian Civil Service, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Drewe of Landsdowne Road, Bournemouth, and Miss Christine Evelyn Isabel Young, the younger daughter of the late Mr. E. H. Young, Executive Engineer, Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway, and Mrs. Evelyn Young of Talbot Leigh, Bournemouth; Mr. Albert Philip Phillips, eldest son of the late Mr. H. Phillips and Mrs. R. Phillips of 20, Bracknell Gardens, N.W., and Miss Dorothy Drage, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Drage of 22, Maresfield Gardens, N.W.



CAPTAIN E. W. TOWSEY AND MISS ELEANOR JEFFREY

The engagement was announced recently between Captain E. W. Towsey, West Yorkshire Regiment, of Tollgate House, Colchester, and Miss Eleanor Jeffrey, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jeffrey of Ovenscloss, Selkirk



● The dressing case at the top left-hand corner of the above picture is in pigskin. The fittings have coloured enamel and chromium tops and the bag is lined with silk. The whole thing is very light, neat, and out of the ordinary run. £12. ● At the right-hand corner is a morocco beauty case. The jars and bottles have imitation tortoiseshell screw tops. There are manicure accessories and an enamel lined compartment for cosmetics. The mirror in lid has a support for standing. British made. 15 guineas. ● Centre is small morocco beauty case with japanned top fittings, mirror in lid, and a silk envelope for tissues. British made. £3 9 6. ● Lower left-hand corner. A bottle case in calf leather, bottles with square chromium tops. £1 15 6. ● Hide Pullman car bag (shown in the separate right-hand photograph). Most useful, as it takes the light Cashmere rug (which latter can be supplied in various shades). The bag also contains a silk down cushion, two large pockets, into one of which the passport case can go. Rug, 42/6. Bag from £6 12 6, in red, green, black or brown. Passport cases from £1 in several shades. Fortnum & Mason's Gift Department is THE place to find useful and delightful gifts for travel

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gift department at

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Gifts of Beauty

Gifts for exquisite ladies who will want to look their loveliest during the holiday season. How delighted they will be to receive these famous HARRIET HUBBARD AYER preparations. Months and months of beauty in each spotless jar and bottle. The famous LUXURIA Cream, to cleanse and soothe and soften. 2/3, 4/-, 8/6, 11/9. SKIN & TISSUE BUILDER, to smooth out lines, to keep the skin vibrantly young. 4/-, 7/6, 18/9, 30/-. EAU DE BEAUTÉ Astringent Tonic, to shrink the pores and brighten the skin. 4/-, 8/-. BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM, long cherished for the flowerlike fairness it instantly gives the skin. 4/-, 7/6, 18/9, 30/-. All four, in sizes sufficient for months of beauty, from 23/- up. Face Powders in three weights. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER Powder, for dry skin. BEAUTIFYING FACE POWDER, perfect for the average skin. AYERISTOCRAT Powder, for the skin inclined to shine. These from 2/3 to 6/3. SPECIAL POWDERS. In medium weight. DARLING, SWEET MISS MARY, RED ROSE, VIOLETTE PETALES, PRINCESS CHARMING, FACE POWDER DE LUXE. 6/3 to 25/-. Jewel-like Vanities and Lip Sticks. Vanities 2/3 to 21/-. Matched Lip Sticks 2/3 to 6/3. Perfumes. Exclusive scents of delicacy and taste. From the purse-flaconette at 6/9 to the rare IRIS BLANC at 55/-. Manicure sets 6/9, 12/6. Bath Luxuries. Soaps, bath salts, dusting and talcum powders, Eau de Cologne, and toilet waters. 1/6 to 25/9.

Stocked by the leading Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers.

Visit the Harriet Hubbard Ayer Salons, 130 Regent Street, W.1, and obtain expert advice.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER
LIMITED
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW YORK LONDON PARIS



Photo by Mannell.

MISS TILLY BRISSON,

who made a great success as Frou-Frou in "The Merry Widow" at the London Hippodrome, writes:

"IT was a happy day when I took heed of the repeated advice that Phosferine was the Tonic needed to restore my nervous system, which was rapidly weakening. I would like you to know how much I now appreciate Phosferine, and rely solely on this safest of all tonics. The strenuous nature of my character dancing entails perfect physical fitness, and I have to deny myself tempting foods, but with Phosferine I never feel any lack of bodily nourishment. Indeed, it forms part of my 'make-up,' and I attribute to it the lively and healthy fitness which makes me feel that I could dance the clock round if needs be. When work entails irregular hours of rest, hard practice, and hurriedly-snatched meals, I am sure the best way to avoid weak nerves and remain efficient is to keep fit with Phosferine."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
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Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists.

1/3, 3/- and 5/-

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

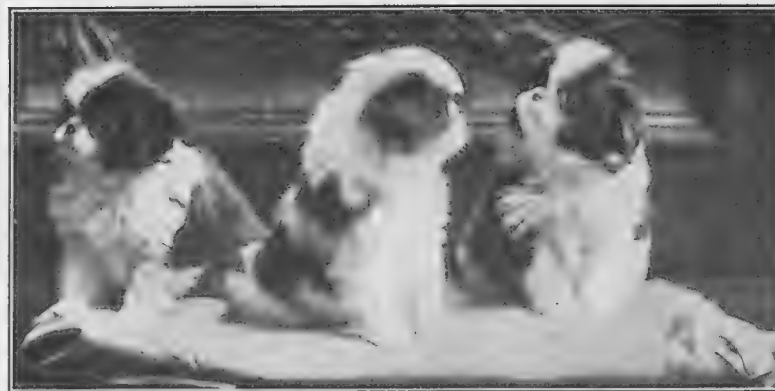
WARNING.—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

The "Kennel Gazette" for October contains an interesting paragraph about women exhibitors. It says, "Women have been exhibitors ever since the commencement of shows, certainly prior to the foundation of the Kennel Club—at Birmingham two ladies, one exhibiting a bloodhound and one a retriever, were exhibitors in 1861. Both were prize winners. In 1873 when the first Kennel Club Show was held, there were no fewer than thirty women exhibitors, and amongst them they showed some fifty dogs." It is amusing to realize that women were only allowed to judge in 1894 and were not invited to judge at the Kennel Club Show till 1909. This year there were twenty-one women judges at the Kennel Club Show. Our Association was the first, as it is the greatest, of the associations of women dog-owners, who now are 75 per cent. of all exhibitors.



CH. CAMELLIA OF FARLINGTON
The property of Mrs. Boyd-Buckle



JAPANESE SPANIEL PUPPIES

The property of Mrs. Hope

French, Wallington

The bulldog is one of the most distinctive and best known of all dogs. He has travelled some way since the old bull-baiting days both in make and character; the modern bulldog is certainly a less active dog, but he has also got a far nicer disposition; he is affectionate and intelligent. He has several devoted admirers who keep his flag flying, though in common with many of the old breeds he has been a little pushed aside by the rush of newcomers. Mrs. Boyd-Buckle is a most successful breeder and exhibitor. Her first champion was Ch. Diadem of Fortune, an outstanding bitch, who won her first three certificates within three weeks. This success has been continued with Ch. Camellia of Farlington, whose

good at rats and moles, and are, of course, country dogs, but owing to their size they do very well in a town. Mine are all kept in outdoor kennels, except the favourite, Jetty of Melbourne. I have also a very nice little bitch whose father is Jetty, and the mother is one of Miss Rodocanachi's winning strain."

There are none of the toy breeds who can surpass the Japanese spaniel in charm. These little dogs have delightful ways peculiar to themselves which make them particularly attractive. Mrs. Hope sends a specially good photograph of some puppies she has for sale. This is not only a perfectly charming picture, but shows what good ones the pups are. Mrs. Hope wants to find nice homes for them, and the price asked is most reasonable; she will, if necessary, keep them till Christmas, if bought for Christmas presents. She also has for sale a charming male puppy, a little older.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

picture is given. Camellia is a splendid bitch of truest type. She has a lovely family sired by Glenlyn of Farlington, a well-known winner and many times best bulldog in show. Mrs. Boyd-Buckle usually has puppies for sale and has exported them all over the world.

The Australian terrier has lately come into prominence and is becoming very popular. Lady Stradbroke is one of its chief supporters, and brought her original ones back from Australia with her. She says: "I am enclosing a photograph of my Australian terrier, Jetty of Melbourne, as I have several puppies for sale, who are his progeny. I have three bitch puppies, aged two months, whose mother is Jewel of Henham, a prizewinner at Cruft's some years ago. They are such very hardy little dogs, intelligent and faithful, also very



JETTY OF MELBOURNE

The property of the Countess of Stradbroke

INEXPENSIVE GIFTS

THAT RADIATE FRIENDLINESS

If you would send a gift that would radiate friendliness in a home you know, let it be a gift of these beautiful candles. To bring colour and gaiety to the Christmas table—to shine on happy faces—to kindle old memories in their kindly glow. No name on your list but would be gratified by a gift so appropriate as Nell Gwynn candles.

FIELD'S Nell Gwynn CANDLES

Nell Gwynn candles are made in 36 different colours and 10 sizes. They are solid dyed—not merely surface tinted—and they burn steadily without smoke or odour.

FREE: An interesting booklet on candles for lighting and decoration, illustrated in full colours, will be sent post free on request to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. Q.7, London, S.E.1.

Nell Gwynn "Antique" Candles are the masterpieces of the candle-maker's craft. They form a beautiful and useful gift at little more than the price of a Christmas card. Two 8-inch Candles in Attractive Box — 1/- Per Box. Also obtainable in the new Gift Boxes, containing Two 8-inch Candles and Two Candlesticks to match — 2/6 Per Box.

Gift Box containing four 14-inch Candles and four Candlesticks to match — 5/- Per Box. (as illustrated)



J. C. & J. FIELD LTD., EST. 1642 IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I LONDON S.E.1

KING GEORGE IV



No better game than Golf
and no better whisky than
KING GEORGE IV
ever came out of Scotland

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A DANCING GIRL OF BALI

YOU WILL HAVE
"A Lido all
the way"

AROUND THE WORLD

On the World's Largest
Motor-liner

"AUGUSTUS"

33,000 tons gross

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129 days of Enchantment.
99 Places Visited. 70 Shore
Excursions. 34 Ports of Call.

Fares include all Shore
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Hotels, transportation, etc.

ASK FOR DESCRIPTIVE BROCHURE

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LONDON, S.W.1 LONDON, S.W.1



YOUR SKIN GOOD

AVA IS MADE TO DO

It is the treatment of Ava's ingredients by ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS that gives this soap such powers to benefit your skin. Perfumed with lovely Eau de Cologne, Ava Soap is also really economical in use.

AVA
Eau de Cologne
SOAP

8d. per Tablet, Box of 3 Tablets 2/-, Guest
size Tablet 3d.

Ava Eau de Cologne, 1/2 oz. 1/6, to 4 oz. 9/-.

1/2-pint Wicker Bottle 15/-.

Ava Eau de Cologne Shaving Cream 1/-.

Ava Eau de Cologne Brilliantine 1/6.

Ava Eau de Cologne Hair Fixative 1/-.

**AVA
GIFT BOXES
FOR XMAS**

For Ladies, 1/2-oz.
bottle of Ava Eau
de Cologne and
two tablets of
Ava Eau de
Cologne Soap.
Price 2/10.

For Men, a bottle
of Ava Eau de
Cologne Brilliantine and tube
of Ava Eau de
Cologne Shaving
Cream. Price 2/6.

AVA PRODUCTS ARE BRITISH AND MADE IN LONDON

My Black Brother, Mafeking

(Continued from p. 476)

trade some of it for meal, but the head man of the village would have none of it. Among sixty natives an antelope weighing 400 lb. does not go far. We divided it as equally as we could. Even the skin was cut up into strips and handed out. The boys went off. There was an undercurrent of mutiny in the air. I called up the head man again.

"What do you want for your meal? I have sugar that I will sell you."

"I'nkos, the women will not sell. They have not enough. Perhaps if the I'nkos has cloth they would sell a little?"

I conferred with my wife. Cloth? We had no cloth. We had sold the last of it days before, but there were sheets. Good linen sheets. We tore them up and sold them at the price we would sell the cheapest calico. For them we got a little meal. I was trying again to sell the sugar, but Shilling, one of the Barotse, heard me.

"I'nkos, don't sell that sugar."

"But, Shilling, perhaps I can get meal for you. I have no more cloth. There is very little money."

"It does not matter, I'nkos. If we had no food we die. But it doesn't matter. We are black boys. The I'nkos and the Missus and the little Bosses must not die." The old man drove off the head boy and returned to his fire.

I was sitting in my deck chair wondering what to do. Behind me in the two tents slept my two little boys, one-and-a-half and three years old. My wife was sitting on her bed. On one side of the huge fire were grouped my twenty-one Barotse. Suddenly one of the forty natives got up and, coming over, stood in front of me.

"I'nkos, I want to leave."

"What is the trouble?" I asked wearily.

"There is no food. It is far to Tete. There are many lions on the road. I do not know these natives; perhaps they will kill me on my return."

"I cannot keep you, Pocket; I am too tired to give you a hiding. Go."

He started toward the gate leading out of the little enclosure of the camp. No sooner had he disappeared into the darkness than I heard a yell. Back through the gate Pocket came flying; after him was Saiman, my huge animal tamer, and Mangineera, my ex-cannibal gun-bearer; they caught the boy and dragged him in front of me.

"I'nkos, did you tell this baboon, this son of a hyena, that he could leave?"

"Yes. He gives me so much trouble that it isn't worth while to beat him. I threw him out."

All the natives had jumped to their feet; they crowded around me in

a menacing circle. I heard murmurs about hunger, the lack of meal, the distance to Tete, and threats that all forty would decamp. I looked at my Barotse. They stood glowering and sullen behind me. Pocket broke away from his captors and made a dash for the door; pandemonium broke loose. Jack grabbed a stone as big as his head and nearly broke the boy's arm as he dodged out of the gate. Mangineera threw a knob-kerrie and caught him square in the back. Down he went, and Mangineera, pouncing upon him, proceeded to beat him up. That was the signal. The forty natives rushed us; into them piled the Barotse with knob-kerries, spears, sticks, stones, kettles, picks, anything they could use as a weapon; it was a savage free-for-all. Into the fire they milled, yelling and cursing. I piled into it. Somebody hit me on the jaw. I found Johnnie and Peter strangling a native against one of the huts; I separated them, not forgetting to land the mutineer a hearty wallop of my own in the process. Suddenly there was quiet; the forty natives cowered, beaten, in a corner. In front of them stood Mafeking. He held up his hand.

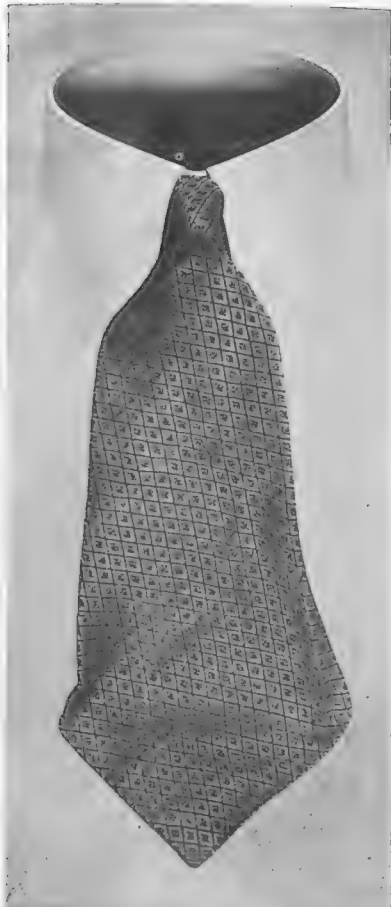
"Baboons, I, Mafeking, Mafeking of the Barotse, speak to you. Do you want to leave our Boss, our Missus, the little Bosses alone? Who is going to carry the packs which you drop? Is it that you have no food that you would do this? Listen, Mafeking, the Barotse, talks to you. I have not known the Boss for a long time. One year only have I worked for him. But he has been my brother. When I was sick, he gave me medicine. When I needed money for my hut tax, he gave me money. When I wanted food, he gave me food. Then he left the place where we were working. He said to me, 'Mafeking, I give you my dogs and I give you these sixteen boys. Bring them to me at Shamwa. I will wait for you there.' Two months we walked on the road. We ate grass like cattle. The dogs died. A Bwana offered us a pound to work for him. The big chief in the Boma asked us, 'Why is it that you walk so far to find this white man? Why do you not work here, where food is plentiful?' We told him. Our Boss is not like other men; he is our brother. He waits for us at Shamwa. We must go. You know the Barotse. The men of Lewanika have never been beaten in battle. I, Mafeking, hunter for Lewanika, tell you that if you desert our Boss we will strangle you until your eyes pop out. We, the Barotse, say this."

There was a dead silence for a few minutes; then Sieve, the leader of the mutiny, stood up.

"I'nkos, we have made a mistake. We will work."

It was over. The next morning the beds were taken apart, the tents rolled up, and the horses loaded quicker than ever before. We snapped out of camp and made forty miles before sunset. Such a man was Mafeking, my black brother.

ENGLISH SILK TIES



These real English Silks are woven upon the old hand-loom in Spitalfield and other parts of England.

Their main merit lies in the fact that the high quality yarn gives a firm but supple weave, allowing the ties to quickly recover from the effects of creasing.

Being most durable they are a distinct economy, and can be dry cleaned and rendered equal to new.

PRICES:

Size 1 ($\frac{1}{4}$ square)	6/6 each
" 2 ($\frac{1}{3}$ ")	8/6 "
" 3 ($\frac{1}{2}$ ")	12/6 "

State "Colourings" desired when ordering.

T.M. Lewin,

T. M. LEWIN,
T. LEWIN, G. J. LEWIN (Sons).

39 Panton Street,
Haymarket, S.W.1

Only Address

Established - - 1898



By Appointment



HOME FROM SCHOOL

The problem of clothes for the modern boy solved — economically

Authentic West End tailoring instils in youth's impressionable mind definite cultural tendencies that should be fostered. Fortunately, in the midst of enforced economies parents need not deprive their boys of a standard of tailoring that plays no small part in their education.

Bernard Weatherill's charges are unequalled for their moderation, and his service covers every item of youth's sartorial requirements for Home and School wear. Bring your boy to 55, Conduit Street, W.1. Special facilities have been made to execute orders before Christmas.

Bernard Weatherill

55, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1

81, Cannon Street, London, E.C.4. 11, Bennett's Hill, Birmingham.
Branches at Aldershot, Ascot, Camberley.

FINE RUSSIAN SABLES

The photograph shows a typical example made from perfectly matched skins.

Included in the collection are two-skin ties ranging from 19½ gns., three-skin from 31 gns. and four-skin models from 52 gns. Straight stoles, suitable for both day and evening wear are available from 72 gns. In addition, there is a wide selection of ties in Topped Russian Sable and Natural and Topped Canadian Sable very moderately priced.



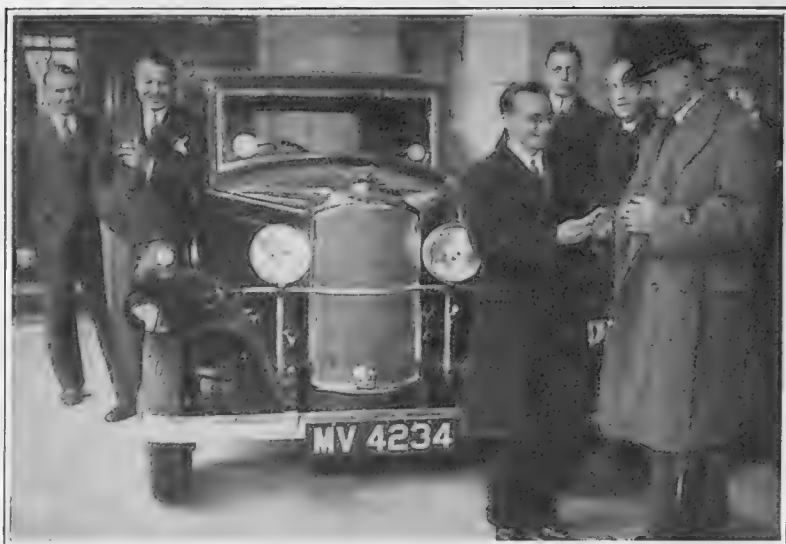
RUSSIAN SABLES

✻ The Gift Supreme ✻

Whether as a gift of great beauty and distinction or for personal wear, Bradleys recommend these Natural Russian Sable Ties and Stoles as a wise choice and an excellent investment. They have been made in Bradleys own workrooms from a large parcel of skins recently purchased on exceptionally advantageous terms, and at the prices quoted above represent most unusual value. Only by a personal visit can the superb quality and wonderful colour of these sables be fully appreciated.

Bradleys
Chepstow Place^L
London, W.2.

Telephone: Baywater 1200.



SOMEONE WINS A VAUXHALL CAR FOR WINNING A PARKER PEN CONTEST

Lord Molesworth (right) presenting Mr. E. S. Lacey with the keys of a Vauxhall car, the culminating scene of a competition open to sellers of Parker Pens. On the left of the picture is Mr. Zoceola, Managing Director of the Parker Pen Company, with Mr. H. Cecil Taylor of Vauxhall Motors, Ltd.

PETROL VAPOUR—continued from p. 478

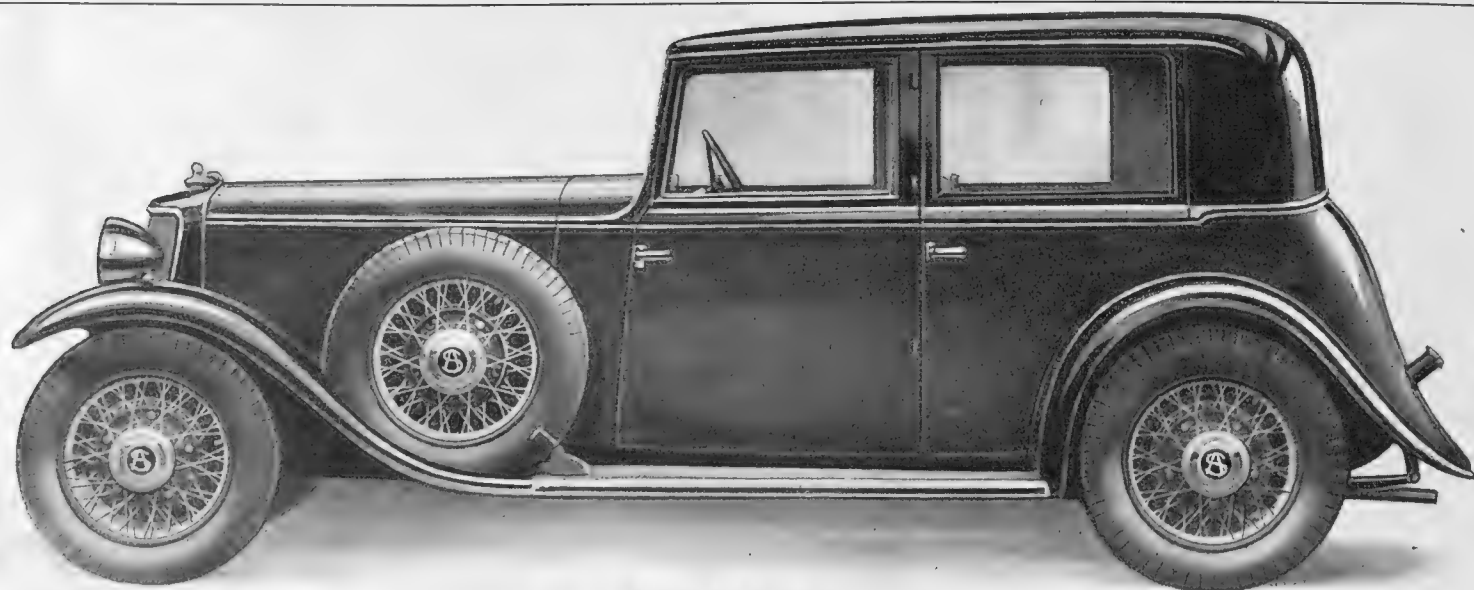
thereafter, to maintain all the average speed that anyone could reasonably ask for. In point of vigour at low speeds I know no small "six" that can excel the Big Twelve. This is the more noteworthy because right through the scale it is innocent of a tremor. The gear-changing, braking, and steering are all above reproach, whilst all the controls are very neatly and handily arranged. The design of the saloon body is wholly admirable, for there are lashings of room for the full complement of passengers. Externally not even the most hypercritical could quarrel with the looks of the well-finished ensemble. Ten minutes in this Big Twelve are sufficient to tell you why Standards are so popular. It is a form of explanation that, when you try it, you will find very pleasant indeed. W.G.A.

When winter comes to England with darkness, snow, and fog, why worry? when there is the S.S. *Gripholm* (23,600 tons), the luxurious transatlantic motor liner that carried Greta Garbo back to her native land last summer, ready to take us on a six weeks' cruise to the lands of our dreams—to blue skies and sunshine, and climates where we can live our summer all over again. Boulogne, Southampton, Casablanca (Morocco), Dakar (Senegal), Port-of-Spain (Trinidad), Cartagena (Colombia), Colon (Canal-Zone), Havana (Cuba), Kingston (Jamaica), St. Pierre (Martinique), Fort-de-France, Funchal (Madeira), Lisbon, Southampton, Boulogne. Surely a route to tempt anybody. The luxury of six weeks' sun bathing, or sea bathing in swimming pool or swimming bath, games, sports, dancing, bridge tournaments, cabarets—or just an existence of restful leisure.

There is only first class, with fares ranging from 80 guineas. Passengers dine in two dining saloons. Spacious and comfortable cabins; three bands; several bars. Drinks at very moderate prices, and dressing for dinner optional in the tropics. An alluring programme surely.



MISS JEAN ADRIENNE IN HER 1933 STANDARD LITTLE 12 SALOON
A bright sunny picture of a bright little lady in a super bright car. Miss Jean Adrienne is the leading lady in that amusing play, "Tell Her the Truth," at the Saville Theatre



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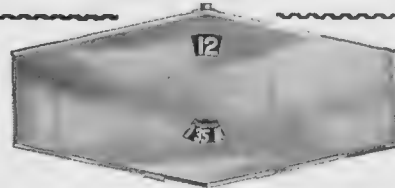
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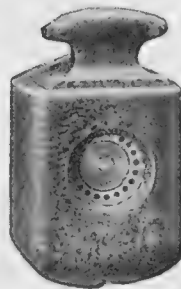
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Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 468

I have just had a letter from Will Ogilvie, whose book of "Collected Verse" was reviewed in these Notes a bit ago, which rather bears upon a thing about which someone wrote to me (from Leicestershire)—loss of what is called "nerve." In a retort I ventured to say that I believed that almost invariably "nerve," or the lack of it, was entirely a matter of health. I do not think age has much to do with it. No one is any older than his or her "works," and if only they would believe that and not believe that they are afraid, I do not think that they would be. Will Ogilvie has through the mill produced a place called so "Horsetraylia" that I do not believe him, he says: "I don't see myself in the Stock-yard preparing to back for the first time a big, fat, muddy-tailed Queensland colt with a nasty look in his eye and a back humping ominously! *Labuntur anni!* But them was the days!"

Frankly I don't believe W. H. O. And I come back at him with another bit of a dead language. *Quo semel imbuta testa diu servabit odorem!* Never was a truer thing written, and anyone who has ever been a top-

knotcher at anything cannot forget how, and provided he is well cannot be afraid to take it on again, no matter what the possibilities. The feet that have once-trodden the right path rarely fit into any other. A theory of my own—probably quite wrong—but I do really believe that the older you get the younger the horses you ride the better, and conversely the younger you are the better it is for you to ride the old school-masters who can teach you far more than you can teach them. But whichever way it is I am certain that your tummy is the rock-bottom foundation of your performance, provided, of course, that one or two other little things are equal—such as a good elementary knowledge as to which end bites and which end kicks. If you are well, you will remember how to sit still, which, after all, is the big secret of the whole game, whether it's horse-back riding or anything else.



THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL SOCIETY BALL

A group of the Ball Committee and some of their friends at this dance which happened in Cambridge quite recently

The names, left to right, are: Back row—Mr. A. C. Lusty, Miss Unwin, Mr. A. Fairweather and Miss Fairweather, Mr. J. T. McCutcheon and Miss Moore, Mr. R. D. Teare, Dr. J. D. Simpson and Mrs. Simpson; Miss Gibson and Mr. J. Malfroy. Next row (standing)—Mr. I. Braddon and Miss B. Billington, Mr. J. T. H. Butt and Miss Diane Taylor, Mr. Palin, Miss C. M. Verdon Roe, Mr. E. W. Hart and Miss I. Edey. Sitting—Miss Pugh and Mr. Busby, Miss Richards and Mr. H. L. Ellis, Miss Radcliffe and Mr. G. H. Baines (president), Miss E. M. Ward and Mr. R. C. Droop (secretary), Miss Ingrid Iulin and Mr. J. C. Newbold. On floor—Mr. L. R. Holt and Miss Sleep, Mr. H. K. Meller, Miss Starling, Mr. A. D. Ledward, Baroness Susie von Schreck and Mr. Hacking

R. S. Crisp

That popular show, the United Hunts Ball, will be held at the Savoy Hotel on Thursday, January 12, 1933, at 10 p.m., and the proceeds will be handed to the National Horse Association of Great Britain, as has been done in the past. Tickets, £1 12s. 6d. (including supper and buffet) may be obtained from the organizing secretary at the Savoy Hotel.

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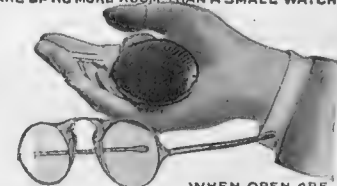


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427

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FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES—*cont. from p. 444*

From the Cheshire

On Friday hounds met at Highwayside in the wettest of weather. Wardle was blank, but as usual Haughton provided a brace of tree foxes. With the second hounds hunted well, eventually catching him at Stoke Manor after twenty-seven minutes. During this contest the brook claimed many involuntary bathers, including our most successful lady point-to-point rider, and judging from the adjectives we heard between splashes, we gather she is with us in the vain hope that Jimmie will arrange that this tiresome arm of the sea will be filled in before next season.

Saturday, from Tattenhall, produced two goodish hunts—the first, from Handley into the Wynnstay country was good, followed by hounds hunting well from Huxley, and after checking at Hoofield, ran really fast, marking their fox to ground at Duddon. Jackie, we hear, hit the ground, but landing on the elastic part of his peculiar bandage, was smartly catapulted back into the plate, and with Toney and two or three others, undoubtedly had the best of this round.

Monday provided a good Dingle hunt of sixty-five minutes with hounds killing their fox. Tuesday was spoilt by the entire lack of scent, but hounds hunted well at times, although we agree with the district manager (his expression possibly sounded a trifle rough). We can assure "Our Diana" that the brand new "stepney snapper" is most decorative, and will, no doubt, prove as good as the original. The driving of our honorary treasurer on Tuesday was just a trifle careless; possibly the cigar balked the landscape, but it is lucky he is retired, or Eric might expect a handsome overdraft.

From the York and Ainsty

The South met at Shipton on Thursday, December 1, with Mrs. Green in command; the dog pack were in their best form, and took a Court House fox over nine miles of country in forty-five minutes, practically without a check. Carrying on more slowly past Haxby and over the Foss into the Middleton country, we finished near Fourth Milestone after a seven-and-a-half mile point, and twelve miles as hounds ran.

Was it "only those on blood hunters" who saw it?

At Hagg Bridge, on Saturday (3rd), the south pack had a bigger field out than I ever remember seeing at this meet; the Holderness sent a goodly contingent, including the ex-lifeguard, the Earl Marshal and his sisters, the Earle and his wife, and several more. Scent wasn't too good, but that country is always rather fun.

From the Warwickshire

Though Bim himself was not in residence when we met at Compton Wynyates, his "lucky" gorse held a fox all right and he soon went away, with the big earths in the cow pastures as his obvious objective. Viewed just short of these, he had to swing back on a nearly identical line, and was killed in the open near Tyne Hill. It was a good hunt and a good fox, a five-mile point, and hounds covered twice that distance, also a hunt which gave pleasure to a maximum number, as those who did not see the outward burst nipped in for the return journey. Victor, hustling for a start, jumped into a quarry to the consternation of his numerous admirers of both sexes, and having a mouthful of gravel, was unable to do adequate justice to the incident. The day from Traitorsford held nought but good, and from Spencer's Gorse hounds fairly blazed away from Tysoe. Here the fox dwelt, and old Grappler nearly had him; then the line grew fainter to Kineton Oaks, and most of the field made for home. At the brook, however, the pack turned sharp left and ran on with a vengeance for a perfect twenty minutes, till our pilot finally went to ground near the kennels.

From Lincolnshire

Delayed by f.-and-m. restrictions for just a month, the Brocklesby have now inaugurated their regular season, not at Welbeck Hill—according to time-honoured custom—but at Bimbrook Hall, so as to keep outside the five-mile area, which, owing to further complications, alas, still exists. There is no better sportsman in the Brocklesby country than Mr. G. F. Sleight, who not only permitted the followers to taste the rare vintages contained in his wine-cellar, but provided foxes for the sport to follow. One from his gorse, after being hunted for 1 h. 15 min., only missed discomfiture by the merest shave, for he chanced upon an open earth as hounds were snapping at his brush. Then on Wold Newton foxhounds had another typical burst of thirty minutes, but again were deprived of a well-deserved meal by the varmint going to ground at Stock Furlong. It was a brilliant opening day in atrocious weather. It was a tremendous pleasure to see Lord Yarborough. He now enters upon the fifty-third year of his Mastership, and is seventy-four. A considerate landlord and as fine a sportsman as any in all the land.

DEW-LADEN FERN IN THE BATHROOM

BRONNLEY'S
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● THE inanimate tablet holds hidden the secret of beauty; each perfumed bubble applies bloom and delicacy to the skin.

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9½d. per Tablet

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Also Colossal Bath Soap (14 oz. tablet)
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REASON WHY**

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Thus spake King Richard the Third:
Sotto voce he added: "My wurd!
Our friend 'Sabretache'
Is now cutting a dache;
If you don't read his book you're absird!"

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"Innumerable very competent, hard-working men and women put up with monotonous, subordinate jobs when they could and deserve to do much better," says Prof. Elmer E. Knowles, the eminent Psychologist. "They are," he continues, "the unconscious victims of their own inferiority-complex. Through their lack of self-confidence, their nervousness and timidity, they are all too frequently 'licked before they start,' their very virtues, patience, tolerance and fortitude tend to make matters worse."

Does the cap fit? If you are hampered by nerves, worry or an inferiority complex, take yourself in hand right away. Get the better of them before they get the better of you. Send for a FREE COPY of a book that has already put thousands on the path to success. It is entitled *The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces*, and describes a simple method of cultivating



Mr. D. C. Houlding.

your Personal Magnetism, enabling you to fascinate, to please, to attract others; of developing your Personal Influence so as to control and influence others; of training your subtle powers of suggestion so that they will permit you to lead, to impose your will upon others and get your own way.

This same book led Mr. D. C. Houlding, of London, to undreamt-of accomplishments. Here are Mr. Houlding's own words to Prof. Knowles, the author of the book:

"Your inspiration has made a new man of me, my power of concentration and self-control having improved tremendously. You have given me confidence in myself and enabled me to exercise a noticeable influence over others. Latterly my success has been as marked as was my failure before."

A copy of Prof. Knowles' book will be sent free upon request, and in addition, each person who writes at once will also receive a comprehensive character analysis. Simply copy the following verse in your own natural, undisguised handwriting:

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Get my share out of Life, earn really good pay.
So send me your book which will show me the way.
Please analyse too what my penned lines portray."

Give your full name and address, plainly printed, and state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss, whereupon Prof. Knowles' book and Analysis of your Character will be promptly furnished free. Address your letter to: PSYCHOLOGY FOUNDATION, S. A. (Dept. 541 G.), rue de Londres, No. 18, Brussels, Belgium. Should you feel inclined you may enclose 3d. (stamps) to cover postage, etc. Please stamp your letter sufficiently. Postage to Belgium is 2½d.

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The St. Hubert raincoat has passed the critical censorship of enthusiastic sportsmen. It has been produced by Barker's (High Street, Kensington), master craftsmen, assisted with the advice of a well-known sportsman, and may be obtained at this establishment only for the more than pleasant price of £4 14s. 6d. It is suitable for all out-of-door sports as it has been tested in lashing gales and pouring rain. Down-drag is entirely eliminated; the pockets are of ample dimensions, and a large flap is so designed as to facilitate extremely easy entry of a rain-soaked hand; cartridges are kept dry, whilst any water that may enter whilst the flaps are open is drained through specially designed channels into the bottom lining. For body protection, when sitting on damp banks, a double flap is provided and held in or out of position by substantial press fasteners. Furthermore, it is light in weight but of double thickness and is available with or without a belt.

Those who seek variety can find it in Charles Letts's Diaries, practically every calling, hobby, or sport being catered for by a special edition. Yet the diaries are not bulky and can be carried in the waistcoat pocket or lady's shopping or hand-bag, and not be cumbersome. For private use or for your office, to be carried in the pocket or kept on the desk, Charles Letts can provide a diary for you, and we feel that the old adage, "Their place at the top is not likely to be seriously challenged," is as true to-day as when it was first made.

The Owl Ball in aid of the Princess Marie Louise Wing of Central London Ophthalmic Hospital is fixed for December 19 at Claridge's Hotel. Tickets are £2 2s. each, and include dinner, buffet, dancing, and bridge. They may be obtained from Lady Greer, 81, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1.

A particular fascination attaches to Christmas shopping at Hamley's, in Regent Street, where there is this year a quite unprecedented array of original toys, games, sporting equipment, and other articles suitable for presents. A visit to Hamley's is, in fact, a Christmas entertainment in itself. One may there inspect a delightful children's cottage, three-fifths full size, completely equipped and furnished, and suitable for children to live in. Similar cottages can be supplied and erected in purchasers' gardens. A particularly realistic working model railway is attracting hundreds of boys—and their fathers. Amongst a remarkable choice of table games for Christmas, the visitor is at once attracted by the Electric Speedway, a race game in which coloured electric lights reveal the thrills of the chase and indicate the ultimate winner.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck's Christmas cards and calendars are this year as pleasing as ever and up to their usual high standard. They have well over 3,000 different designs in cards and nearly 600 calendar designs, so that all tastes are catered for. Children's books and Zag Saw puzzles are also a speciality.

Her Majesty the Queen has graciously promised to attend a gala matinée of *Bunt Pulls the Strings*, at His Majesty's Theatre on December 19. The matinée is in aid of the Prince of Wales's Builder Fund of Toc H. Tickets, which cost from 5 guineas to 5s. 9d., may be obtained from Mrs. Maclean, 7, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

Neither argument nor introduction is needed to find for Haig whisky a place at the festive board of Christmas. This year a bottle or case of Haig whisky will be particularly welcome as a Christmas gift, symbolic as this long-famed beverage is of the spirit which overcomes all depressions, and in itself provides good sustenance. Despite prevalent high costs, there has been no increase in the price of Haig whisky. The familiar gold label bottle is still obtainable for 12s. 6d., with the quality as high as ever. For the connoisseur palate, which demands a particularly old whisky, there is Haig's Dimple at 13s. 6d.

Now that the party season is upon us, Brock's novelties are just what is wanted to make things go with a bang. There is a large selection of boxes of crackers, including some with indoor fireworks as well as caps, and also large crackers in novel shapes, with amusing contents. Other specialities by Brock suitable to the season are joke bombs, with varied presents inside them; table decorations containing head-dresses; party-fun boxes containing caps, musical toys, and streamers and balloons; indoor fireworks; and, of course, an immense range of fireworks for the garden.

A grand ice ballet will be held at the Ice Dome, Hammersmith, on December 19. Miss Freda Whitaker is producing the ballet, which is to be the largest ever produced in England. A carnival will follow, and there will be competitions for waltzing and other events. The proceeds are to be given to the Nervous Diseases Hospital, Regent's Park, N.W. Tickets may be obtained from Miss Mitchell, the Ice Dome, Hammersmith.

Those who like their friends to feel that they have used discrimination and taste in choosing their Christmas cards should ask for Medici cards and calendars. These are mainly reproductions of famous pictures, with a large range of sacred subjects, printed on exceptionally good paper and card, and the prices suit all purses.

One of the largest shipments of furs ever made from the barren Canadian northlands has just been delivered, jointly to the house of Revillon and to the Hudson Bay Company. Consisting chiefly of fox, mink, and marten the furs were collected on the western shores of the Hudson Bay, northwards from Churchill to the Chesterfield Inlet. Aeroplanes flew the bags of furs from the isolated outposts where the Indian and Eskimo hunters had assembled to the distant railhead, whence they were sent a thousand miles over the new railway to Winnipeg. Thus they came in due course from the northern wilds to the shops of Revillon Frères.

COIFFURES OF INDIVIDUALITY AND CHARM

Modern life has no doubt brought a great change in the profession of Coiffeur de Dames, and more than ever women fully realize that every one has more need of perfect hair-dressing than she has of the wisdom of Socrates. Fashions change very rapidly, but one thing remains for ever and it is on that point that Francis, 3, Hanover Square, have built their reputation—individuality and chic. For the fashionable woman who strives for distinction in permanently waved hair, an early visit to the Francis salons will convince the most sceptical that the ultimate in natural-looking, permanently waved and curled hair is obtainable by the Francis method. For the smart woman who appreciates the importance of distinctive style in her coiffure, the inimitable artistry of Francis will either with postiche, setting or coloured lacquered coiffures du soir prove that individuality is carefully guarded. There is an assured distinction in the creation; the head, in subtle harmony with the personal facial characteristic, is beautifully and artistically sculptured. During the festive season, indeed throughout the year, there are many occasions when women really do wish to look their best—well, they simply must go to these salons and have their hair treated, as the result is all that can possibly be desired. The tresses are given a very special shampoo which removes every particle

of dirt, and then they are dried and waved, and then comes the final stage. This is spraying the silver powder. It has to be done by an artist's hands, otherwise the result is tragic, but here it gives unto the hair the much-to-be-desired silvery sheen, which is perfectly beautiful.



Coiffures, Francis

Pictures by Blake

corot models by instalments

we have chosen this moment, at the end of the year, to display here a few of the corot models which have been greatly admired and proved very popular this season.

but if you really wish to see a beautiful selection of advanced designs for the coming season you should call at the corot showrooms, where we are already displaying our spring range, so as to give corot clients the advantage of being well in advance of the season. these models, while suitable for present wear, will still be in the height of fashion in the early summer, so that this is the time in which to come and choose your next outfit.

the early spring models are not yet illustrated for catalogue purposes, but the coupon on this page will bring not only the current catalogue, but in due course the corot spring fashion guide showing our complete range.



"maggie"

evening ensemble of lace combines black and white most effectively, slip to match. **18/-**
cash 6 gns. monthly



"film star"

a georgette gown for cinema or dinner wear vaunts a be-frilled skirt and a smart bodice. **21/-**
cash 7 gns. monthly



"good evening"

crêpe a meruse evening gown has large self flowers posed on the hip line, in many shades. **15/-**
cash 5 gns. monthly



"my queen"

an evening ensemble of velvet shows a princess line frock allied to a matching coat. new colours. **18/-**
cash 6 gns. monthly



"demailn"

coat in a knob weave woollen, with broadtail cloth trimming cape and forming tie collar. **18/-**
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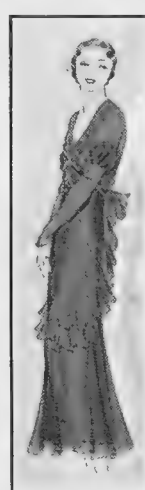
"ladye fayre"

evening two-piece of angel-skin lace, fox-line edges the detachable cape. **21/-**
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(at right)

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a velvet evening coat uses erminette to trim the sleeves and the scarf collar. **19/6**
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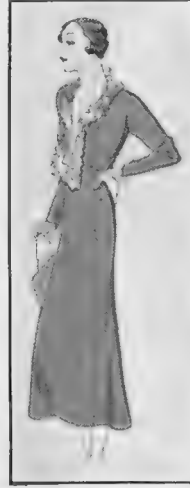
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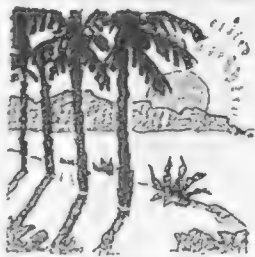
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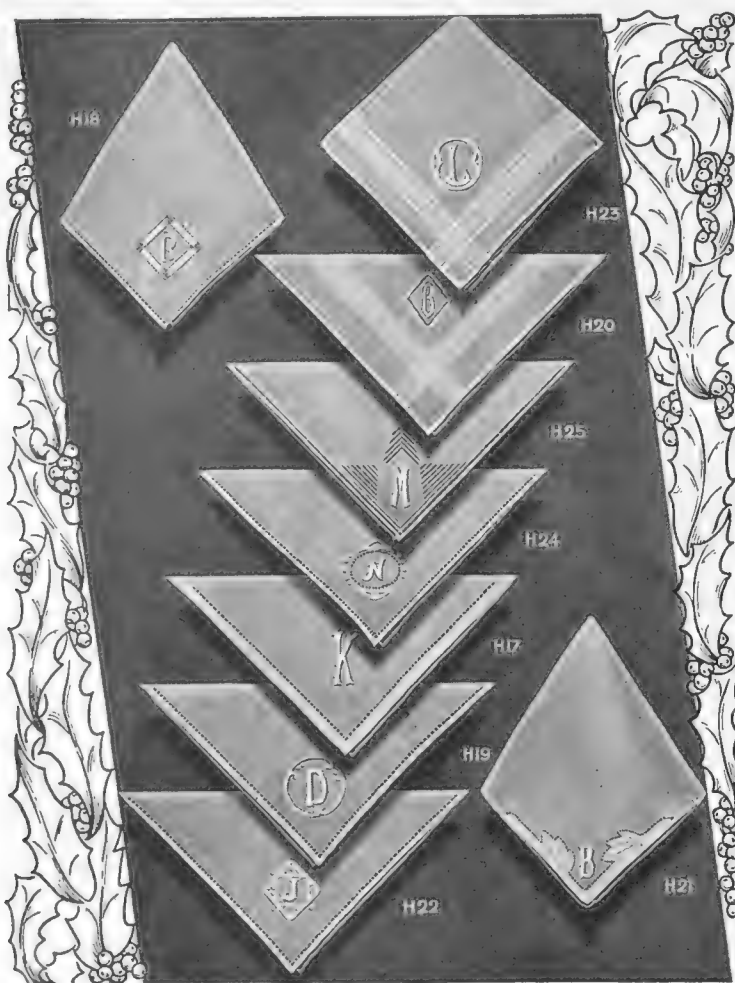
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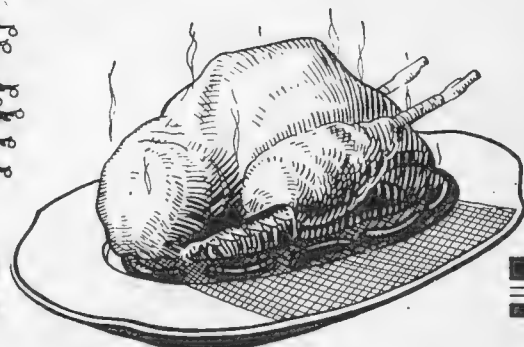
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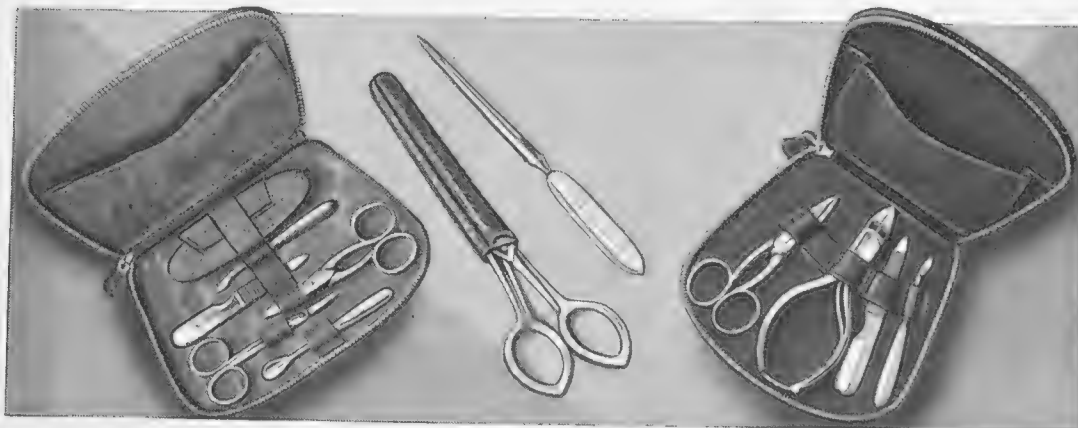
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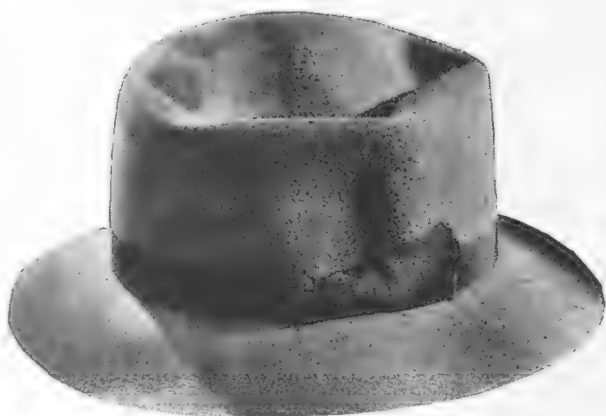
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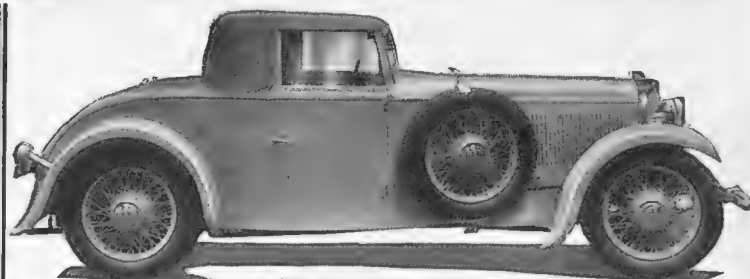
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THE "CRIPPS" SPORTS SHIRT

designed by the Honble. Mrs. F. Cripps,
TWO ATTRACTIVE GARMENTS IN ONE!



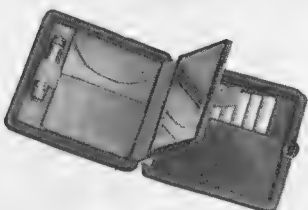
1. With neck closed—the perfect shirt for hunting, winter sports, golf! The "Cripps" Shirt keeps you extra warm by means of a cleverly designed cross-over front. Fastening without need of clumsy studs or buttons, this ingenious front is double where your coat opens—snugly protective against the keenest wind. The neck is finished with a silk neck-band; ideally neat under tie or scarf. An alternative model has an extra-wide neck-band to fasten as a tie.

2. With neck open—transformed instantly to graceful stylishness! No ugly studs or buttons to show! The silk neck-band now forms an attractive collar—the cross-over front opens into well-set revers. You could not choose a more becoming garment for everyday wear in town or country.



(Photographs of Model 1—with narrow neck-band for wear with separate tie.)

Only "Cripps" Sports Shirts are made to this special design. No other shirt is so smartly adaptable to the occasion and at the same time so marvellously comfortable! "Cripps" Sports Shirts are finely tailored from unshrinkable wool or silk and wool in various colours. Two models—three weights: 37/6, 42/6, 55/-. Shirts for winter sports are available with patterned neck-bands.



"Cripps" Hunting Vanity Case, in various leathers, 2 guineas.

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obtainable only from
ROBERT DOUGLAS LTD.

21, NEW BOND ST., W.1

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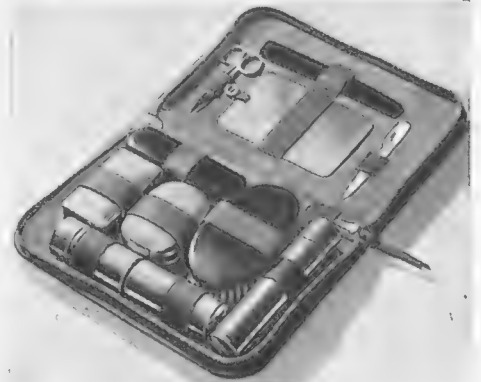
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(On right.)

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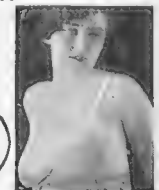
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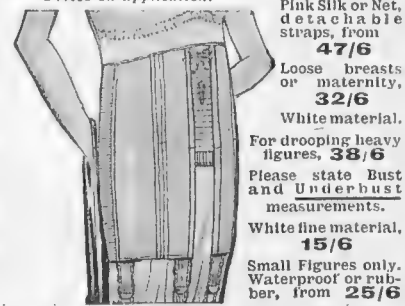
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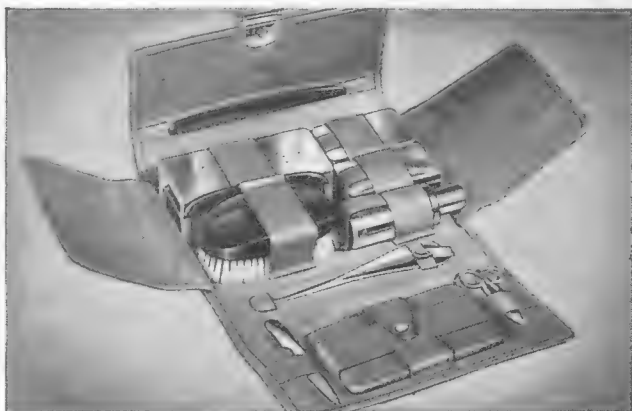
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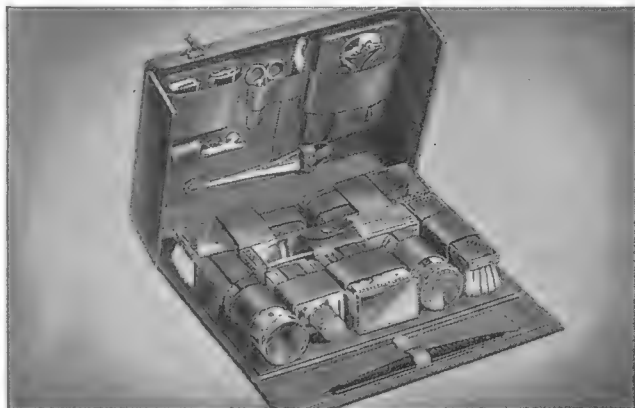
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The Colonel declares that she appears to be just the same slender Dorothy who captured his heart so many years ago—

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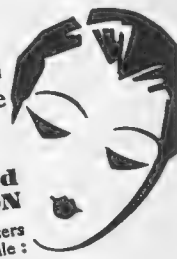
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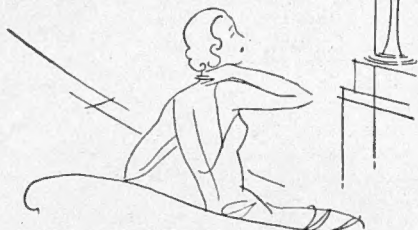
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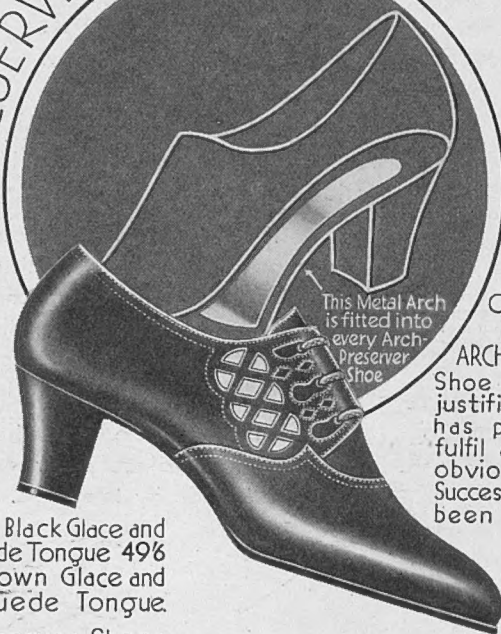
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